

THE ATHENÆUM

(*)

WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

No. 119.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

ON EDUCATION.

[We here present our readers with the first of a Series of interesting Papers, from a Correspondent now abroad, on the important subject of Education. The First Conversation has been divided to suit our space; the second portion will be given next week, and be followed by succeeding Papers in due course.]

FIRST CONVERSATION.

Eubulus and Philochares.

Munich, Jan. 8.

E. Let us end our walk here; we shall find no more convenient place to enjoy the beauty of the setting sun, and while we lie beneath this antique cedar, we may watch him flinging his last beams over the corn-fields and the winding streams in the valley below us: if we go forward into the wood, we shall lose the most beautiful moment of the day. I love the evening: it seems as if yonder noble luminary concentrated all his glory at the moment of his departure, and left us with the tenderness of a friend who knew that his absence would be regretted.

P. I also love the evening, and the quiet of twilight. There are not two more beautiful objects in nature, than the setting sun on the one hand, and the calm repose of the moon, advancing over the heaven with a single star in her train, upon the other. Often has it been a matter of regret to me, that our lot had not been cast under a more genial sky; that it was not allowed us to bring forward the mighty spirit of our people under such a climate as inspired the singers of the *Iliad*, or breathed their melancholy wealth into the poems of Tasso. Such a sky has no mean influence upon the character, the feelings, and the creed of a people; and perhaps to this, and to the habits which it gave rise to, the Godlike forms of Grecian art may owe their origin, and their noble philosophy its scarcely to be credited development.

E. Doubtless it is so. And when we reflect upon the spirit of our race, upon the earnest feeling which has ever characterized our people, and which has been a traditional heir-loom among us for more than twelve centuries, how may we not imagine what they would have done, had more favourable circumstances assisted their endeavours. A habit of living in the open air, of enjoying the sunshine, and contemplating the peaceful forms of external nature, would have given birth to a different age from that which we witness—would have perfected the good which exists among us, and for ever set us free from many of the evils which we deplore. It is to our misty sky and clouded atmosphere, to our confinement in close rooms, and exclusion from outward beauty, that we owe our limited and restless feeling; and above all, the attention to the artificial conveniences of life, which clogs our poetical and intellectual powers, and makes us in all our relations a nation of buyers and sellers. The very creations of our imagination have partaken of the evil, and the pure spirit of poetry has herself tasted of the poison. Our earliest poems are different, widely different, from the ballads of *Ionis*, and principally in a want of outward beauty, which the deeper tone of feeling which pervades us, can perhaps hardly compensate.

P. I yet remember the sorrowful glances which, as a boy, I have many a time cast upon

the sunny lawn which lay before the windows of our school-room: and very often have I since acknowledged that my boyish feeling was a just one, and that it would have been better for me to have enjoyed, at many a moment when I was compelled to learn, and to have left a forced development of my understanding, for the free inhaling of healthful air, and the enlivening influence of showers and sunshine. I have gained experience which those who come after me will profit by; I have yet two years at least during which I shall myself superintend the education of my boy, for not until his tenth birthday will I surrender him into foreign hands, and he will have no cause to reproach me with having curtailed him of the natural blessings of his age.

E. I confess it surprises me that you intend to give him out of your own care. A man, gifted as you are with all the blessings of a learned leisure and a competent fortune, could find no more beautiful employment than the education of a beloved child—no more heartfelt happiness than the sight of him growing up in virtue and intelligence at your side. I am indeed most anxious to learn what it is that induces you to give up your charge, for you assuredly do not shrink from the holy duties of parentage. I have often heard you lament the system of school and college education which prevails among us.

P. Of that my opinion remains unchanged; nor do I easily reconcile myself to the step which many of my friends are importunate with me not to defer. But I fear lest my boy should at any time be led to regret that those advantages, which others around him enjoy, had been withheld from him, and that in my old age he should reproach me with the conduct of his childhood.

E. Do not fear that: your aim in his education has been to make him a man, to give him moral energy and firmness of purpose; and if he has these, he has all. Do not send him to a school, let him not learn to measure his actions by the will of others, or the influence of custom, as he there must do; and save him above all from the evil of emulation. Knowledge is good, by and for itself alone: sought for the purpose of excelling others, of compassing place or station in society, even of enabling a man to fulfil the duties of an exalted condition, it becomes a selfish and a dangerous power, and the bread of life is converted into deadly poison. The true principle of education is the love of beauty; its means and instruments, the moral affections and the heart; and these you alone can best employ. If the experience of an old man has weight with you, you will believe me when I say, that, constituted as our schools are now, your son cannot receive from them such an education as you would give him; and how, indeed, should it be otherwise, when the formation of a manly character, the sole aim and end of education, forms no part of their scheme?

P. Your remarks are just, and agree fully with my own observation. I am perhaps but too ready to catch at any excuse for keeping my dear boy at home. Since the beloved companion of my early joys and sorrows was taken from me, I have striven to supply her place by him, and to discharge the trust which would

have been confided to her, of guiding him from his earliest infancy.

E. A difficult task! for to the mother only the first years of the child's life belong. From her, and from her love, must he receive his earliest lessons. From her endearing terms must he catch the simplest rudiments of language—must even in her arms become acquainted with the appearances of things;—and in the sweet tones of her voice learn first the deep power that resides in melody. Yet do I believe you have been all to him that you were capable of being; and affection supplies the place of other powers and more favourable circumstances, leaving nothing to be regretted. Let me ask, what has been the method of instruction which you have up to this time followed?

P. I will willingly make you master of the details. We are agreed upon the important doctrine, that a child should, in his early years, learn all from observation; should, as it were, find knowledge in every streamlet and in every hedge-row; and that all which is presented to his youthful mind should be, even as the lovely forms which are presented to his senses, outward and unsystematic. Long ere my boy expressed a curiosity respecting books, he was acquainted with the rudiments of natural history: he learned an important lesson from the domestic animals which surrounded him; I was never weary of replying to the interesting questions which his favourite poney, and the dogs which lay before the hearth, continually suggested. I provided him with prints of birds and beasts, with whose forms he was familiar; and he was always my companion in my morning visits to my farmers. He began to read rather later than is usual with boys in our days; but this is, perhaps, in some degree owing to myself, for I had little inclination to hurry on the period of commencing, and could find no book so worthy of his perusal as the blessed creation of God. But when he first manifested a desire to become acquainted with the works in my library, I lost no time in satisfying his curiosity. Before he was five years old he read well.

E. At such a period the principal difficulty is to find books suited to a child's capacities, and answering the necessities of his feelings. In England we have few such, and the few we have are daily disappearing from among us. Fairy tales, the adventures of children, with whom children ever most readily sympathize, the supernatural world translated into a lovely complex of astonishing and even interesting forms,—such are the works we want, and which I fear the precocious spirit of our times treats daily with a more unprofitable contempt. The books which it would substitute for these interesting traditions, these perennial well-springs of beauty in the heart of man, are many of them excellent in themselves, and well adapted to a useful purpose. The error is alone in the time of their application, in the principle on which it is grounded, that the understandings of children are to be cultivated. It is the feelings, and not the intellect, with which we must deal in early childhood, and God forbid that we should substitute a dead and formal occupation for these living sources of enjoyment and of love, whose influence is not confined to the hours of the

No. 6, 1830.—NEW SERIES.

nursery and the leading-strings, but which accompany us through the often wearisome pilgrimage of life with a consoling and reanimating freshness, and whose recollection, even in the last moments of fading mortality, smooths the way before us into the tomb. I can see no ground for withholding tales of supernatural objects from children, nor can I subscribe to the opinion that they may so be best guarded against superstition. Love of the supernatural, and a belief in the existence of beings not of this world, and beyond it, is natural and necessary. It is to the childish mind what the sensation of life is to the full-grown man: by it, perhaps, the infant feels the presence of the Almighty in his yet unclouded reason. Tales of fairies and of laborious dwarfs, of speaking animals and plants, endowed with human affections, answer to, and satisfy this necessity, while at the same time they fill the mind with images of beauty, and create for it a world where all is bright and sunny, the dwelling-place of wonderful and lovely appearances, whose happy existence is disturbed by no shadow of evil. Superstition alone, is dangerous, when vulgar images and terrible conceptions take the place of these beautiful creations; and such a result may always be expected where the feeling has not met with proper guidance from the very first. The child in whom it is suffered to develop itself, naturally connects the acknowledgment of his own weakness with the recognition of supernatural strength, and the images which he thus gives birth to, are undefined and confused, yet terrible and common. The Arabian Nights are not altogether unexceptionable: they appeal too much to the understanding, and require at least a knowledge of the world and of men; moreover they are even, at the best, foreigners to our feelings, our wants, and yearnings: perhaps with an Arabian child the case is different, but magicians and genii have no relation in feeling to our dwarfs and faeries; and the primeval spirit which distinguishes the Englishman from the Arab, distinguishes alike their mythologies. The ghoules and afrites are moreover creatures in whom a feeling of horror predominates, and what is worse, mental horror. This indeed renders them dangerous to a child, while the ogre and the giant, by appealing merely to the transitory affections of the sense, are far less exceptionable.

P. I was fortunate enough to possess a work which united all that could be desired within a narrow compass. The brothers Grimm, two philosophers, distinguished perhaps above all men living by their profound knowledge of the languages and customs of our forefathers, and labouring together hand in hand, for the benefit of mankind, had applied themselves with an affectionate zeal to the collection of all the fairy tales which are yet to be found among the common people of Germany. These had been translated into English, and enriched with most humorous vignettes from the hand of a celebrated artist; and these, many of which I had already made my son acquainted with by word of mouth, were the first compositions that I put into his hand.

E. You were indeed fortunate.

P. It appeared to me, also, that a fit enjoyment for a child would be the simple poems of a childlike age, when the outward world has yet a value of its own, and reflection is not needed or made use of by the poet. To the Fairy tales therefore succeeded the old English ballads, especially those of Robin Hood, for I felt that my boy was to be an Englishman, and I feared to keep him long from an Englishman's inheritance. The only restriction which I imposed upon myself, in presenting to him these favourite objects of my contemplation, was the withholding of all in which the antiquity of the diction would have formed any obstacle to their being

thoroughly understood and enjoyed: in all I substituted the modern English word for any older one which had perished from among us, when it was consistent with the simplicity of the original.

E. What books had you?

P. On this point I met with some difficulty. Ritson and Percy contained far too many ballads of a modern or an exceptionable cast. Another was put into my hand, the work, I believe, of a Mr. Parry: the only fault that could be found with this was the association of many paltry compositions of the last century to the natural and vigorous ballads of our remoter ancestors, a miserable alloy indeed, by which the sterling gold of the latter was materially depreciated. For this I nevertheless contrived a remedy. As the old ones stood alone, in the early part of the volume, I had the pages divided, and the parts bound separately. A little book, containing nearly all the ballads of Robin Hood and his merry companions, and no others, supplied many deficiencies in Parry's collection. Together with these books, my boy became possessor of Bewick's Quadrupeds, a simple and unsystematized work, rendered doubly valuable to the child by the vignettes which adorn its pages. This, I observed with delight, became his favourite study; and in every one of our numerous walks into the beautiful country which surrounded us, I was careful to foster his growing enjoyment of natural objects, and to make him acquainted with the outward appearances and properties of the plants, the stones, and insects. It was our common misfortune that it pleased the Disposer of all things to take my beloved companion from me before her boy had learned to repay the affection of his mother, and it has been a serious disadvantage to him to have been deprived of the society of brothers and sisters. I have, indeed, at all times given him opportunities of mingling with children of his own age, and of sharing in their innocent enjoyments; but alas! how different has this fragmentary communion with kindred spirits been, from that blessed interchange of every hope and every affection which he would have found within the sacred circle of a family! My sister, who, upon the death of my wife, came to share and console my sorrow, has since that time remained with me; she also has devoted herself, with a religious constancy, to the only surviving memorial of her beloved companion. Her friendly assistance has indeed been invaluable to me. You are aware that her musical genius was early indicated, and fostered with a most judicious care. To her we owe many delightful evenings, whose remembrance will long remain in my boy's memory, and whose soft and unsuspected influence will accompany him through the many changes and dangerous occurrences of life. But not alone in the sweet national airs which she has taught him to love, has she given him a great lesson of harmony, and opened his eyes to the deep beauty of music: in their affectionate intercourse, in the participations of all his childish hopes and fears, she has opened before him an insight into the melody of life, the primeval source of being and of happiness, love. To her his heart is turned with the feeling which his mother would have inspired, and through the inspiration of the affection, she has revealed to him the visible presence of the Almighty in all his works of wisdom and of goodness.

E. You are indeed blest; and believe me, my dear friend, happiness was never given to the unworthy. We make our own blessings by deserving them. Let me prevail upon you to complete the work which you have so successfully begun; and so become the means, under the protection and with the assistance of the Almighty, of giving an excellent citizen to his fellow citizens, and of making one of the noblest of God's creatures feel how high an end is

committed to him in the development of his intellectual powers, and the cultivation of his moral energies.

P. Your advice chimes in too much with my own wishes not to be most willingly received; yet cannot I altogether divest my mind of scruples; I confess these principally arise from a conviction of my own inability to carry on and complete so mighty an undertaking.

[Continuation next week.]

LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS.

The Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. II. London: Murray.

THIS is certainly a still more entertaining volume than the former one of "Lives of British Painters." The artists of whom it treats are, generally speaking, men of more character, if not of greater talents, than those who formed the subjects of its predecessor; and if there be no one on which Mr. Cunningham has written with such an apparent *con amore* spirit, as dictated his biography of Hogarth, nor any one which has afforded him an opportunity of that opposite kind of satisfaction, which he seems to have derived from the attempt to shake Sir Joshua Reynolds in his seat in the estimation of men; yet has he found ample materials for most interesting Memoirs, in those extraordinary men, Barry, Blake, Morland, and Fuseli. Mr. Cunningham seems to possess more than an usual spirit of nationality; and this temper, we should conclude, has led him to attach himself, in the first volume of his work, more particularly to Hogarth, whom he considers, and justly, as a truly national painter, than to any other artist. He is everywhere less favourable to those who, acknowledging the superiority of the ancient masters, have failed in their attempts to arrive at the excellence they could see, without being able to reach; or who, conscious of their own weakness and incapacity, have contented themselves with evincing their admiration by words, while they have followed in practice a line of art more suited to their powers. This latter was, no doubt, the case with Sir Joshua Reynolds; he had the judgment and taste to see and feel the excellence of historical painting, as practised by the great Italian masters: but he had not the power to act up to the standard of excellence his knowledge enabled him, nay, obliged him, to adopt. When Sir Joshua Reynolds, therefore, talked of high art, he was perfectly sincere, although he did not devote himself to the practice of it. His powers of mind were not much beyond those required for a portrait-painter; but he felt, and had the candour to own his conviction, or at least to let it be implied, that the path in which he himself trod, was not that which led to the summit of the mount. Were Mr. Chantrey Lecturer on Sculpture to the Royal Academy, would he refuse to hold up to the study and imitation of his pupils, the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, because, after his own failure in that line of the art, he felt that he should never repeat the attempt to do anything in the same class himself? Sir Joshua Reynolds, therefore, is no object of censure, because he "talked" of an excellence which he could not arrive at, and recommended it to his students as the worthiest object of their ambition. Could he have selected those among them who were really called to be painters, from those who were destined by nature for tailors and cobblers, he might have made two courses of lectures, and two codes of doctrine, adapted for his respective classes. Barry's course of conduct was different to that pursued by Reynolds. His standard of excellence was even higher than that of Sir Joshua, and, we fear not to say, juster; and he persevered in the attempt to execute according to that standard, but he failed for want of power also, and no doubt was

conscious of his failure. The interest necessarily excited by a struggle in a cause like this, and the natural originality of character of the man, aid greatly in rendering his memoir one of the most successful of Mr. Cunningham's biographical performances.

We extract the following passage for the purpose of objecting to an expression, and a view of the subject which that expression implies.

"Barry had now remained five years in Rome. He had examined, and studied, and copied those works on which the world had set the seal of approbation. Nor had he laboured for subsistence, for the munificence of Burke and his brothers had placed him above want; he was requested to draw upon them for such sums as he might require beyond his stated allowance of fifty pounds a year. He had, in short, laid in an ample stock of knowledge; and was now about to return to England, to carry his acquirements into practice. Something like misgivings from time to time came across his mind; he had doubts of final success, and even fears, now and then, that he might have after all mistaken the proper course of study, and bowed to false gods. 'O, I could be happy,' he very movingly says, 'on my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of my studies, books, and casts after the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should care not what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art in London, with house rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this.'

Now, we cannot help observing, that Mr. Cunningham has given much too worldly an interpretation to the reflections of Barry. It is clear that the artist did not think he had sacrificed to "false gods;" he was aware that he had not prostituted the mammon of the world, but we do not gather that he looked on that mammon as the true deity.

The account of the tour through Italy, on his progress towards England, is both curious and interesting, as exemplifying the critical notions of the artist, and illustrating the character of the man.

Barry's Standard of Excellence.

"On the 22nd of April, 1770, he left Rome, and proceeded to examine the principal galleries which lay in his way home. His memorandums are numerous, and all marked by his peculiarity of character and idolatry of the antique. The Venus and Apollo had blinded him to all other excellence. 'I am arrived,' said he, 'at that unlucky pass, that nothing will go down with me but perfection, at least in some one of the grand essentials of a picture. In Turin I saw the Royal Collection of Pictures; but, except one or two by Guido, which I did not like, all the rest are Flemish and Dutch. Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Teniers, and Saalcken, are without the pales of my church; and though I will not condemn them, yet I must hold no intercourse with them. God help you, Barry, said I, where is the use of your hair-breadth niceties and your antiques? Behold the handwriting upon the wall against you. In the country to which you are going, pictures of lemon-peels, oysters, and tricks of colour, are in as much request as they are here.' There were moods, nevertheless, in which he felt the difficulty of judging wisely of a work of genius, and he spoke truly when he said, 'One painter is a very improper person to give an account of another that is out of the pale of his school; they must think of one another as the Catholics and Calvinists do—all without doors is damnation.'

"He reached Milan. He was unnoticed and unknown; his enemies were far behind; and he seemed in a fair way of returning to London in tranquillity and peace. But even here, controversy fell in his way, and he embraced it. The Medusa's head of Leonardi da Vinci—with its gloomy brow, watery eyes, and looks full of agony—had gained that eminent painter a place in Barry's esteem, and he went to pay a visit to his celebrated Last Supper. His own account of what followed is too characteristic to be omitted, and too dramatic to be abridged.

"When I came into the Refettorio I found a scaffold erected, which on ascending I saw one half of the picture covered by a great cloth: on examining the other part that was uncovered, I found the skin of colour which composed the picture to be all cracked into little squares of about the eighteenth of an inch over, which were for the most part in their edges loosened from the wall and curling up: however, nothing was materially lost. I saw that the picture had been formerly repaired in some few places; yet as this was not much, and as the other parts were untouched, there was nothing to complain of. The wonderful truth and variety of the expressions, so well described by Vassari and Rubens, and the admirable fineness of finish and rilievo taken notice of by Armineni, were still remaining. Whilst I was examining this part of the picture, two gentlemen came upon the scaffold, and drew aside the cloth which covered the other half, which, to my great horror and astonishment, was repainted. One of those men was at great pains to show the vast improvements the picture was receiving by this repainting; but the repainting and the discourse so kindled my indignation, that I was no longer master of myself. 'What, Sir,' said I, 'is it possible you do not perceive how this painter—if I can call him painter—has destroyed the picture in every part on which he has laid his stupid hands? Do not you see that this head is distorted and out of drawing, that there is no longer significance or expression in it, that all his colouring is crude and wants accord? Do, sir, open your eyes, and compare it with the other half of the picture, which he has not as yet buried under his cursed colours.' He answered me, that this was only a dead colour, and the painter was to go over it a second time. 'O, confusion!' said I, 'so much the worse. If he has thus lost his way whilst he was immediately going over the lines and colours of Leonardi's work, what will become of him when he has no longer any guide, and is left blind and abandoned to his own ignorance?' And turning myself to two friars of the convent, who stood by, 'Fathers,' said I, 'this picture and the painter of it have suffered much by the ignorance of your order. It was whitewashed over some years ago; it has been again hurt in washing off the white; and now you have got a beast to paint another picture upon it, who knows no more of the matter than you do yourselves. There was no occasion for thus covering it over with new colours: it might easily be secured in those parts that are loosening from the wall, and it would stand probably as long as your order will.' The friar told me that he did not understand those matters, and that he spoke but very little Italian—that he was Irish, and that it was by order of the Count de Firmian, who was secretary of state, that this picture was repainted. 'Indeed, then, countryman,' said I, 'the world will be very little obliged to Count de Firmian: it were to be wished, and it will be for the honour and interest of your convent if you can prevail upon the Count to spare at least what is remaining of the picture, and take down the scaffold immediately.' p. 84—88.

We regret that our space will not allow of our extracting copiously from the very interesting life of Blake, and quoting Mr. Cunningham's accounts of the visions into which this

extraordinary man construed his own conceptions. He seemed literally to realize the idea of Fuseli,—that a painter, before he began his work, should hold his subject palpably depicted in his mind's eye. We cannot resist transferring to our columns the following sketch of domestic felicity.

Model of a Painter's Wife.

"When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katharine Boucher, a young woman of humble connexions—the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal; he was describing one evening in company the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katharine Boucher said, 'I pity you from my heart.' 'Do you pity me?' said Blake, 'then I love you for that.' 'And I love you,' said the frank-hearted lass, and so the courtship began. He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse; and finding moreover that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily.

"She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake:—she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse—she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations—she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this: and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates—she coloured them with a light and neat hand—made drawings much in the spirit of her husband's compositions, and almost rivalled him in all things save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any individual living or dead, whenever he chose to see them.

"His marriage, I have heard, was not agreeable to his father; and he then left his roof and resided with his wife in Green Street, Leicester Fields. He returned to Broad Street, on the death of his father, a devout man, and an honest shopkeeper, of fifty years' standing, took a first floor and a shop, and in company with one Parker, who had been his fellow apprentice, commenced printseller. His wife attended to the business, and Blake continued to engrave, and took Robert, his favourite brother, for a pupil." p. 147—149.

It is delightful to find that the devotion of this excellent partner of a man of genius, lasted during life, and was repaid by the affection of the object which excited it. The last moments of Blake afford a touching proof of the constancy of their mutual attachment, and of his grateful sensibility to the value of the treasure he possessed in such a helpmate.

"He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katharine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon,

Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.' He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty.

"The Ancient of Days was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, 'There! that will do! I cannot mend it.' He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—'Stay, Kate! (cried Blake) keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me"—she obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness." p. 175-6.

We must content ourselves in conclusion with Mr. Cunningham's judgment of

Fuseli as a Painter and Author.

"As a painter, his merits are of no common order. He was no timid and creeping adventurer in the region of art, but a man peculiarly bold and daring—who rejoiced only in the vast, the wild, and the wonderful, and loved to measure himself with any subject, whether in the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The domestic and humble realities of life he considered unworthy of his pencil, and employed it only on those high or terrible themes where imagination may put forth all her strength and fancy scatter all her colours. He associated only with the demigods of verse, and roamed through Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Milton, in search of subjects worthy of his hand; he loved to grapple with whatever he thought too weighty for others; and assembling round him the dim shapes which imagination called readily forth, sat brooding over the chaos, and tried to bring the whole into order and beauty. He endeavoured anxiously to

*'Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
His own high mind created.'*

But poetry had invested them with a diviner pomp than Fuseli could command, and it was on these occasions that he complained of his inability to work up to the conceptions of his fancy. He had splendid dreams, but like those of Eve they were sometimes disturbed by a demon, and passed away for ever before he could embody them.

"His main wish was to startle and astonish—it was his ambition to be called Fuseli the daring and the imaginative, the illustrator of Milton and Shakespeare, the rival of Michael Angelo. Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called common-place—they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension; the third twenty are such as few men can produce, and deserve a place in the noblest collections; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognized master-pieces of art. It cannot be denied, however, that a certain air of extravagance and a desire to stretch and strain is visible in most of his works. A common mind, having no sympathy with his soaring, perceives his defects at once, and ranks him with the wild and unsober—a poetic mind will not allow the want of serenity and composure to extinguish the splendour of the conception; but whilst it notes the

blemish, will feel the grandeur of the work. The approbation of high minds fixes the degree of fame to which genius of all degrees is entitled, and the name of Fuseli is safe.

"His colouring is like his design, original; it has a kind of supernatural hue, which harmonizes with many of his subjects—the spirits of the other state and the hags of hell are steeped in a kind of kindred colour, which becomes their characters. His notion of colour suited the wildest of his subjects; and the hue of Satan and the lustre of Hamlet's Ghost are part of the imagination of those supernatural shapes. Yet original as his colouring is, and suitable to the scenes which it often embodies, it seems unnatural when applied to earthly flesh and blood, and communicates hues which belong to other worlds to the sons and daughters of Adam. It is to be praised rather than imitated, and would be out of harmony with subjects of common emotion and every-day life.

"His sketches are very numerous, amounting to eight hundred, and show the varied knowledge and vigorous imagination of the man. He busied himself during his hours of leisure with making sketches and drawings from scenes which had occurred in his reading, or had arisen on his fancy; in this manner he illustrated the whole range of poetry ancient and modern. Those who are only acquainted with Fuseli through his paintings know little of the extent of his genius; they should see him in his designs and drawings, to feel his powers and know him rightly. The variety of those productions is truly wonderful, and their poetic feeling and historic grandeur more wonderful still. It is surprising too how little of that extravagance of posture and action which offends in his large paintings is present here; they are for the most part uncommonly simple and serene performances.

"Scattered amongst those sketches, we are sometimes startled by the appearance of a lady floating gracefully along in fashionable attire—her patches, paint, and jewels on—and armed for doing mischief amongst the sons of modern men. There is no attempt at caricature—they are fac-similes, and favourable ones, of existing life and fashion. Their presence amongst the works we have described jars upon our feelings—they are out of keeping with the poetic simplicity of their companions, and look as strange as court ladies would do taking the air with the Apollo and the dying Gladiator. They do, however, what the painter meant. They tell us how contemptible everything is save natural elegance and simple grandeur, and that much which gives splendour to a ball or levee will never mingle with what is lofty or lasting.

"His love of the loose wit and free humour of the old writers of Italy and England was great; as he read them he chuckled with pleasure, and taking up his pencil lent form to such scenes as gladdened his fancy. Those works are entitled to the praise of poetic freedom and vivacity—the humour and the wit triumph over all other levities—and sense has generally the better of sensuality. Fire, however, fell amongst most of these when he died—nor do I blame the hand of his widow who kindled it.

"We cannot contemplate the portfolios of his serious drawings, opened to us by their possessor, Sir Thomas Lawrence, without being struck with the extraordinary genius of Fuseli, and lamenting the blindness and deficiency of taste of the age in which he lived. Had he received anything like adequate encouragement, public feeling would have awed down his extravagance of imagination, and those compositions, now consigned to the cabinet of his eminent friend, would have been expanded into pictures and adorning the galleries of our country. Of all the painters whom this country has encouraged—they are not indeed many—no one had either

the reach of thought or the poetic feeling of Fuseli—he had comprehension for all that is great, and imagination for all that is lofty.

"Of his literary compositions something more should be said—I rank them high, and yet considerably below the efforts of his pencil. He affected to strike out remarkable sentences, and express characters by a few weighty words—to utter instructions pointed and oracular; to season sound counsel with shrewd wit, and by the use of poetic diction give warmth and energy to the whole. To accomplish this, generally, required a better disciplined mind, and perhaps a better acquaintance with our language than he possessed; but in many passages his success is splendid. He always feels well—often deeply; but the great fault is that he seldom allows the stream of his mind to run smoothly along; he leads it astray into artificial falls, and bewilders it in links and serpentine. He had such a high opinion of his own acuteness and wisdom, that he wrote a whole volume of Aphorisms on Art—three hundred in number; some of these are said to be acute—some sensible—some profound, and a great many visionary. He also began a regular history of his art, but stopped at Michael Angelo. The fragment has not as yet been published." p. 315—20.

The memoir of Fuseli we regard as on the whole the master-piece of the volume, which, as would be expected from the nature of the subject, is throughout fertile in characteristic and highly amusing-anecdotes. We might have filled our paper with a collection of them.

The Lost Heir; and The Prediction. 3 vols. post 8°. London, 1830. Bull.

THE announcement that Mr. Power, the clever and popular comedian, is the author of these tales, has induced us, we confess, to give them a more attentive perusal than we might have done, had the name of the writer remained concealed. The numerous vulgarities, the errors of grammar, and the interlarding *usque ad nauseam* of the most absurd and incorrect French phrases—phrases in which the commonest rules of syntax, the concordances between nominative and verb, adjective with substantive, are entirely neglected, would have caused us probably to lay down the work in disgust, notwithstanding the evident occurrence of occasional passages of a graphic character: but the name of the author being published, interest and curiosity led us on to inquire more minutely into the merits of his production, and we are far from regretting our pains. The task has proved an agreeable one, and we have risen from the performance of it, with a high respect for the talents of Mr. Power as a writer of Romance. His capabilities are evidently of no common order, and with practice and experience we may look for the probable correction of errors in judgment, taste, and tact, which are the crying faults of his first essay. The stories are extremely interesting; if the incidents seem here and there a little far-fetched, the author has justified their seeming extravagance, by drawing them out of times and circumstances of no ordinary nature. The French revolution, and the state of Ireland in the 18th century, are a sufficient warrant for the introduction of more than a usual allowance of strange events, of death, crimes, and violence, and horrors of all sorts. Mr. Power, as would be expected by those who are acquainted with his excellent stage representations of his countrymen, is most successful in his delineations of common Irish character. A considerable part of both tales is occupied with very clever portraits of this kind, and with characteristic incidents illustrative of them. In the first story, "The Lost Heir," these are not only more numerous, but are given more in detail than in the second, "The Prediction." The latter, however, is on the whole the better written produc-

tion; if it have fewer and less striking beauties, it is freer from defects than its predecessor; the passages which contain descriptions of manners are, besides, more complete in themselves, and are consequently better calculated to enable us to convey to our readers, within the short space we can afford to allot to Mr. Power's book, an adequate idea of his style. The following sketches of Irish posting, and of an Irish innkeeper, will, we think, justify our praise, and excite the curiosity of our readers to know more of "The Lost Heir" and "The Prediction." The extracts are from "The Prediction."

Irish Postillions of the 18th Century.

"The feelings of poor Terence had been allowed small respite, during the whole of their journey, for the ready excuse of each post-master, who failed to produce his cattle with the requisite speed, was sure to begin and end with, 'Isn't it the great wedding yer honor, and ar'n't all the bastes gone on after the same, God speed them, for a purtier bride, or a gayer boy of a bridgroom, eyes seldom light on—barrin that the lady looked a small taste down-hearted, which is no wonder for her, seein marryin is no joke at all, at all, as myself knows right well.'

"When the appearance of the cattle allowed escape from this torment, a worse was seldom wanting, in the proverbial loquacity of the native postboy; neither threats nor entreaties could hurry him on this occasion; it offered such a glorious excuse for 'aisin both his bastes,' and himself, as might seldom be reckoned on, and he was resolute to make the most of it.

"'Yer honours 'ull consider the cru' work we've had of id, at the wedding; faicks then, it's no fun at all, to be tied on afore one of thim same big travellin coaches o' the gentry, not like our own naterel tidy bit iv a po-chay, that bowls a'hint the nags like a hoop—barrin when they are tired—hurrup, Cock-tail—which is the case just now, as yer honours may see wid half an eye, for they minds nouter stick nor spur, any more than if a flea tickled them. Thin yer honours, the—houild up, baste, Paddy—the rate they expect ye to powder along the road, at these same weddin discursions, and devil a stop to wet the whistle o' man or baste; tho' all the while one's spittle 'ud hang a cat. Och, no to be sure, they think ye'r just livin on love like themselves, when all the while yer leather breeches are ready to strike fire out o' the saddle every joulty ye give, for the very thirst that's on ye—whooey—whew, nags, sure yez should know the door—it's just here the good wife lives, poor soul, and I've not said the soft word to her or the bits o' childer since Thursday—I'll not keep yer honours the pullin on an asy boot—now, Judy, ye cratur, where are ye poken to? and the gentleman so good as wait, till I get a pull at the butter-milk, for which grace they shall lose no time in the ind, devil an inch, plase Jasus.' . . .

"The tone this mixture of threat and encouragement was conveyed in, fully assured Mr. Gahagan that here must end all further dialogue between him and Master Terence; however, he contrived to solace himself in a short time, by getting up a sort of conversation with his cattle, now arrived at the foot of the steep hill, on whose summit stood the sheban of Huey Maguire.

"'Hurrup, bastes!' he cried, pulling in a little, 'don't snaze yet a bit, for ye don't know half yer trouble; yer like young cats, blind to yer misfortunes—ah! by da hokys, ye may cought at it—id's more than was bargained for, and that's God's truth—hauld up, Straggler—and I thinkin all the while on the Ould Place, and the 'ead mille faltha' for drivin home the boy dawn o' the family, and the warm corner, and the strong beer, and the kind word from

the mistress, for ould times—what, yer beginnin to snore at id, are yez? Hurr!—devil a warm stable ye'll get at Huey's, any how, that's for yer comfort—hah! yez thought ye were trottin to a stall, up tiv yer hocks in straw, and over yer ears in oats; damn the trate ye'll get this night, any way, but a bite o' hay, may be, and the warm ind o' Huey's gable, or a trot down to the new hotel, over ayant the castle, which is little better, wid a could stall and empty manger. Houild on, darlins, two more pulls and a bit, and yer up and over id entirely.' . . . iii. 75—82.

The Irish Innkeeper.

"Hugh Maguire was one of those characters by nature unfitted to wear, with any grace, the legal fetters which the weak and wise have contrived to forge, from time to time, for their better security against their bolder or stronger fellow rogues: his spirit was doubtless originally intended to animate some wild Rapparee, or wilder Moss-trooper, but overlooked by Dame Nature, until the good days of sharp-spur and stout-arm, were passed away; then sent untamed into the world, as little able to keep its harness on, as was the illustrious Benllog to submit to the retention of the *culottes* imposed on his free limbs by the authorities of Port Jackson.

"Had Hugh's soul been infused into the stout body of some Toorkoman, it would have impelled him, whilst living, to have been the foremost lance in every fray; and, when dead, the winds of the desert would have been filled with his name, breathed in sorrow's song, from the fairest lips of Araby; but it was assuredly sorely misplaced in the person of an Irish peasant; and, with whomsoever lay the blame, poor Mac was doomed to pay a grievous penalty.

"His family had, from 'ould times,' been dependants of the Lacies, and the father of Mac was a great favourite of the reigning proprietor. The son's genius early developed itself of the shackles of boyhood; no hurling took place within ten miles, but he was there; no country meeting assembled, let the occasion be joyous or hostile, of which young 'Huey dune' didn't see the commencement and the end: last brogue on the floor, and first stick in the fight, became in time his distinguishing characteristic, and gained for him at last, from every rival, the long-disputed title of 'The Boy of Bally-moyle.' What he had won hardly, he was resolved to wear bravely at all hazards; and, within the circle of his dominion, to distrain for 'rint,' 'hunt a still,' or 'drive a cow,' became, in a short period, a venture that the stoutest hound of the law in the whole county would have quailed at.

"But love and ambition, those God-like vices, which have overborne many higher spirits, too soon proved fatal to the reign of the 'Boy of Bally-moyle.' The daughter of a near neighbour, Aileen Cary, a pretty maiden of fifteen, had already won the heart of the village monarch—she chanced, unhappily, at one of their meetings, to mention, in melancholy mood, the hard fate of a near blood relation, who was 'go'in' to be souild up, and out, by his lord's agent, that wanted his bit o' land for some frind of his own; and so had kept on, rack-in, and rack-in him, till he was fairly unable to raise the rint.'

"This was a hard case; and worse and more of it was, the boys, his own neighbours, were too much intimidated to interfere in ousting the limbs of the law, who had got present possession.

"'The poor spalpeens,' cried Mac, 'and where does the man live?—and what names on him, Aileen, dear?'

"'Thin it's my own father's name he has, Hugh, and the same blood's in both,' mournfully replied Aileen, 'and his place is at Red-Abbey.'

"'And that's fifteen Irish miles off, every foot—hum! Well, Aileen, machree,' whispered

Mac, 'and whin's this same selling-up to come about?'

"'Just to-morrow and no later, Hugh, as I but now larn'd from my cousin, Biddy Carey, the poor man's child that's in above, at my dad's: just run over out o' the way o' thim bailiffs, that's livin and hack-in, at her own place ayont.'

"'Thin the devil hack their flinty sows out,' muttered Mac, and then continued in a louder key—'Good bye, Aileen, dear; go and keep up your cousin's heart; bid her take a cut o' the cards, and see if there's no better luck for to-morrow.' As he spoke, he bent over and touched with his lips the cheek of the girl, gave her hand a gay swing from him and turned abruptly away.

"But Aileen had caught the light of his eye, and knew well how to read it—she watched his hasty stride, as he slung him the nearest cut across the field—he paused for a moment, as he gained the bank at its extremity, and looked back; when seeing Aileen still observing him, he waved his hand, and tossing his hat high into the air, took the down leap that hid him from her sight.

"'Ther'll be no drivin at ould Carey's to-morrow now, I'll engage,' inwardly whispered Aileen, as with an air of triumph she turned towards her home, 'and so I'll tell Biddy.'

"Before day-break next morning the house in question was reconnoitred by a dozen of the *élite* of the 'Protectors of Bally-moyle,' for such was the style of their chivalry. By the aid of a turkish, placed against the wall, the roof was gained; a portion of the thatch dextrously removed, the forlance entered, and the whole garrison surprised in their beds.

"The proceedings were now summary enough, and although sounding something harsh, were by no means unequitable. The agent was, fortunately for Carey, himself present, preparatory to the next day's sale, when he had hopes as the poor man was much esteemed in the place, to be the sole bidder for his little stock.—For by one of those strange blunders sensibility almost peculiar to the 'wild Irish,' not a man would be often found to bid for a respected neighbour's property—so that the hard agent became not only the seller, but sole purchaser of the poor cotter's chattels, to his evident profit; and so well was this known to these vampires of the law, that half their distraintings proceeded from the desire to reap the benefit of this double harvest. The peasantry too were quite clear-sighted enough to be aware of this fact, but not choosing to conquer the prejudice which forbade their profiting by the misfortunes of their friends, they chose in preference to illegally band themselves in parties like the present, which, under various denominations, were ever ready to resist the laws, that never being felt but to oppress, became in consequence the earliest object of the people's distrust and hatred.

"The agent, on being first questioned, stoutly refused to make the slightest alteration in a decree already sanctioned by the law, and which was consequently perfectly just, as he undertook to prove; and indeed had already begun to argue most learnedly on the subject, when the leader of the *Protectors* growing impatient, cut short his eloquence with—

"'To the *dhuil* wid all such laws, and them that made them, and them that live by them—and now mind me, when I promise that all the laws in Dublin College, or Castle, shan't save yer ears for the post an hour longer, if ye don't consent to a fair settlin between ould Carey and yourself—what, you won't, Mr. Sullivan? Clap a handkerchief in his mouth, that we mayn't be troubled with his squakin, and crop an inch off iv the lugs of him; and thin ax how he likes it.'

"The order was yet in course of utterance, when the man of leases was seized from behind, gagged and pinned firmly in a chair; a huge paw

was already fumbling rudely for his ear, when the same directing voice observed, that 'as his hair seemed in the way, it might be as well first to shave his head.' Mister Sullivan closed his eyes, and groaned inwardly in very agony of sorrow, as he heard this part of the sentence: for he was a kind of *beau garçon* in his way, and his hair, which he wore long, and contrived to coax into something like a curl, at the extremities, was in the highest esteem with him.

"The deed was quickly begun, and proceeded in with evidently less regard for tenderness than speed, as sundry twitchings of the patient's hard features most feelingly indicated. Yet did this martyr to his country's laws submit resolutely to his fate, until full two-thirds of his long-cherished love-locks had fallen. About this period, however, hearing the operator suggest that 'the two ears of him could now be come at iligantly, wid just no trouble at all, if the captain 'ud give the word,' his noble spirit quailed, and some expressive glances, and a sort of pawing movement of the feet, were received as a call to parley.

"Terms were soon arranged; the agent being sworn on the cross, and by the hope of a long life and an easy death, to withdraw all proceedings, and leave Carey in quiet possession of his farm, at a fair rent, such as he had long paid, and was still willing to pay. This ceremony over, matters assumed a less gloomy aspect; whiskey, the Irish *panacea*, was produced *galore*; even the bailiffs freed sufficiently to be enabled to reach their mouths without much difficulty, and ould Carey, in the fulness of his heart, volunteered to lend Mister Sullivan a 'bit iv a wig,' that had long been an heir-loom in the family, and which he, Mr. Carey, on occasions of great ceremony, contrived to stick upon three hairs of his own well plenished head." iii. 88-96.

The proceedings did not end here, however. Poor Maguire became the victim of the vengeance of the outraged laws, and paid the penalty of his daring by transportation. He returned to his native country before the expiration of his term—married his Aileen, and became landlord of a *sheban* in the neighbourhood of the "ould place." He is made to play a very active part in a subsequent catastrophe.

The following may serve as a specimen of Mr. Power's abilities in descriptions of another kind. Whatever may be its merits in other respects, our readers, we are confident, will agree with us in one thing—namely, that none but an Irishman could have written it.

Portrait of an Irish Beauty.

"Emma Smith was about two years his junior; and distinguished for loveliness, even in the land of beauty; she was, indeed, just the creature to win and keep the heart of an ardent and romantic boy; her person was above the middle size; justly, and most delicately formed, without being positively thin; her hair, of a rich glossy auburn, waved rather than curled, over her somewhat low, but beautifully-formed forehead: her eyes were of that blue we love to see the summer stars at rest in; as bright too, and as rich in colour; they were deeply fringed by lashes much darker than her hair, and bespoke favour at a glance, whilst they seemed almost to beg for protection; so truly feminine, so trusting was their expression: her nose was small, and nearly straight, without being strictly Grecian; but her mouth! how shall we describe her mouth?—so meltingly ripe, so luscious, and yet so delicate: it looked the very bow of love; the lips full, even to pouting, and ever bright and glossy, as the innermost leaves of the red rose, fresh and humid with the dew of a June morning; nor were the teeth within, though rarely seen, unworthy their most lovely casket; a small round chin, a complexion clear as fair, and cheeks the rose seemed rather to dwell within than upon, yet living so near the surface that sudden look,

or word, or motion was ever a sufficient signal to call the richly-mantling colour forth; a neck long, well turned, and gracefully inclined; and a bosom the painter had rather guessed at, than described, completed the portrait of as delicate a thing, as ever made man miserable." ii. 301-2.

The following is a proof of the liberality of Mr. Power's notions. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the ancient walls alluded to, are those of a ruined abbey:—

Protestant Liberality.

"Three of the party unhesitatingly followed their leader. The clergyman of —, and the doctor of the Colonel's regiment wisely preferred the longer but safer route by the lane; the former quietly observing as he turned his horses into it, 'Truth is, Doctor, we should get as wet if we followed them, for the big drops already splash around us, so a few minutes more or less can make little difference; over and above which I have a great objection to this hot spurring of horses and horsemen over the resting-place of the long buried dead, and through ground consecrated to holy purposes; for though the word of truth has untenanted those ancient walls, and shaken, even to the foundations, the mighty hierarchy of which yon lofty spire, still proud and threatening even in ruin, is no ill type; yet should we not forget, that ground was sanctified by those, who possessed the light of their time; their labour rests sacred before the eyes of God, although a purer flame has been vouchsafed, which, whilst it reveals their imperfections, should make us doubtful of our own knowledge, not over-disdainful of their ignorance.'" iii. 198-9.

We close our notice with a sample of Mr. Power's execution of the more serious parts of his task. There is some good writing, and much animation and pathos in a last interview between two lovers, divided for ever by a marriage brought about by the arts of a villain. We regret that our limits will not allow of our extracting the entire scene:—

The Eclaircissement.

"'Stay, Felix—one moment yet, and hear me; you were truly, too truly told—I was indeed betrayed, but not by my husband.'

"Lacie folded his arms, as if constraining himself to listen.

"'Not by your friend; a better or nobler heart beats not in living breast, than that which beats within the breast of Thomas Trevor—alas! he is worst, and most sorely deceived, for he has painfully won a wife, who loves not, cannot love him—whose heart is like ice in the summer sun, wasting, but warming not. You have said truly, I am here to save my husband from your fury—chance placed in my hand your deadly message, whilst Trevor was absent from his home, endeavouring to insure the safety of some you love; to suffer you to meet, was to wink at murder—nothing remained but for me to venture on this step, or leave the wretch whose falsehood had wrought this misery, himself to answer it; a course he readily proposed to follow, and I feared him bold and bad enough, to keep his word.

"'Jonah Hardley it was, who, prompted by friendship for my father, regard for his cousin, or some worse motives, wormed himself into my confidence—withheld my letters—intercepted yours—put, as I now believe, forged documents into journals as false, until—but I will not vainly attempt to excuse myself—until I became what I now am, the wretched wife of a husband, whose love is the reproach of my weakness—whose kindness is the curse of my falsehood.'

"Lacie's fingers were twisted in his thick hair—his palms were pressed violently against his eyes, as if he were striving to shut out the light for ever. When she ceased to speak, he tore them fiercely away—he scattered the up-

rooted locks upon the wind, till the volcano at length happily found vent in words.

"'Devil!' he cried, through his fixed teeth; 'worse than devil—his native hell shall not hide him from my hands!'

"He was about to dart away, but the quick eye of Mrs. Trevor had anticipated this movement; she threw herself before him, and in a moment those small white hands, which a little before had shrunk from his touch, were firmly grasping his arm. He could not—he dared not shake off that grasp, although he would have grappled with the arch fiend himself, had he then crossed him, to stay his wild resolve for immediate vengeance.

"'Felix Lacie, hear me!'—faintly, almost breathlessly, entreated that voice which had no fellow-music to his soul—'Felix, I have wronged you much; but I have also dared much for your sake—yes, for your sake. Behold I am here, helpless and alone; and I am here, not so much to save my husband, as to preserve your life—I have wished this had been otherwise; I have tried to cheat myself into a belief, that it was so; but this I feel to be the truth—and were it not, my being here at all, unless first told by myself to my husband's ear, would blast all that remains to me, my fame, for ever.

"'Spare me this shame, Felix Lacie—seek not the reptile that has stung you, scarcely knowing the wound he made—himself incapable of feeling. It will expose him to Trevor's rage, from which I have promised to protect him: it will make the man wretched, whom I at least am bound to esteem; and it will peril your life, which I seek to preserve, as affording hereafter the only earthly thought whence I may derive consolation.

"'Your kinsman is, by this time, I trust, in freedom; go, join him, Felix, and quitting this land of prejudice and crime, seek happiness in France, or some other less-benighted clime than ours—go, and bear with you my thanks, my blessings—and, yes, why should I suppress it?—bear with you that, which, worthless as it is, has never ceased for a moment to be yours—the heart of Emma.'

"Her hand yet dwelt upon his arm—her voice yet sounded in his ear; it had entirely lost its firmness, and the last few sentences fell broken and disjointed, until her lips moved, without articulating word. Her features he could hardly distinguish, for the gloom of night began to render objects indistinct; but he felt his heart flutter strangely within him, as he strove to reassure her.

"'I will obey you,' he said, endeavouring to assume a composure he felt not, 'I will combat the fierce impulse of my nature; I will depart from the land of my fathers; and, by my absence, remove far from you all that may prevent your peace. For the last time we have met—your object is attained; may he whom you have sought to preserve from peril, live long to repay your care; may he love you as well as the man, who now bids you farewell, for ever!'

"Her hands fell from his arm, she slowly turned to depart; he heard her quivering sighs, he beheld her tottering steps, he sprang forward to sustain her, and received her form senseless—lifeless, within his arms." iii. 271—5.

THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—Domestic Economy. Vol. I. By Michael Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

Nothing is more delightful to the well-wisher of his fellow-creatures, than to see men who have had superior opportunities of obtaining scientific information zealous not so much to blazon forth the eminence to which they have attained, as to turn their attainments to the improvement of the comforts and the happiness of the commonstock. This is the only true end and

legitimate aim of science. The analytical investigations of the chemist lead to correspondent synthetic formations, of infinite utility and luxury; the dissections of the anatomist empower the surgeon to check the ravages of disease, and to prevent or repair the mutilation of the human body, and thus to arrest even death in its stealthy march; whilst the nightly watchings of the star-gazing sage, no longer confined to the "seeing through a glass, darkly," have been rewarded by calculations and discoveries that have eventually filled our wardrobes and spread our tables with the rich products of the remotest countries of the earth. Such, we repeat, is the true aim and best reward of scientific research. Under this view, we do indeed receive pleasure from the perusal of such treatises as the one now before us, where the intelligent author has laboured, and successfully laboured, to give to the *consuming* reader a sufficient degree of theoretic knowledge to enable him for himself practically to secure and improve the supply necessary for his consumption.

The following extracts from the chapter on fermentation will be read with interest by all who have drunk of the grape's exhilarating juice:

The Three Kinds of Fermentation.

"In the modern acceptance, the word expresses the changes which vegetable or animal matters spontaneously undergo, and which terminate in the production either of a vinous liquor, an acid liquor, or of a remarkable fœtor.

"Many chemists have considered these three different terminations as constituting three different kinds of fermentation. It is, however, more convenient to understand the whole series of changes as merely stages of one great process. And to this simple view it will be no objection to urge, that the last stage very often takes place without being preceded by any other; and that all the stages may be brought about separately. For, on the other hand, we have various instances in which they follow each other, not only in succession, but in an unvarying succession; the second following the first, and the third following the second: thus evincing consecutive stages. The following will serve as an illustration both of the process of fermentation and of its stages.

"If some grape-juice be left to itself, at the ordinary temperature of summer, it soon begins to suffer remarkable changes: the liquor becomes muddy; an internal motion takes place; the temperature perhaps rises; a bubbling noise is heard, owing to the breaking of minute air bubbles at the surface; and the whole appears not only to boil, but it tends to boil over, its bulk being swollen by the envelopment of so many air-bubbles. On account of this resemblance to boiling, the process is called *fermentation*, from *fervere*, to boil. Meanwhile a dense froth, composed of these bubbles involved in viscid matter, rises to the surface, and after remaining there some time, it parts with the involved air which floated it, and the viscid matter subsides to the bottom. At length the liquor remains tranquil, and soon after becomes transparent. The viscid matter possesses the property of exciting fermentation in certain other substances not spontaneously disposed to such a change, and hence it is called *ferment*, but commonly *yeast* or *barm*.

"At this period it is found that the grape-juice has lost its natural sweetness; the taste becomes strong, stimulating, and aromatic; and it acquires the singular property of intoxicating, which it did not before possess. In short, it has become *vinous*, it is wine; and the whole series of phenomena constitute the *vinous fermentation*. An *ardent* or burning-tasted spirit may be now extracted from the vinous liquor, and the ardent spirit, when very strong, is called by chemists *alcohol*.

"After these changes, the fermented liquor being preserved for some time, corked in bottles if weak, or partially exposed to air if strong, and the temperature being maintained at about 75 degrees, a new set of phenomena will take place. Provided the quantity is large, a hissing noise is heard, and the temperature rises perhaps 10 or 15 degrees. A little gas is given out; the liquid exhibits an intestine but inconsiderable motion; floating shreds make their appearance, and at length partly subside and partly collect into a gelatinous cake which continually thickens. The liquor is now transparent; the vinous flavour and the alcohol have disappeared; and the taste has become extremely sour: in short, the wine is converted into vinegar, called in Latin *acetum*; and although the obvious symptoms of fermentation are inconsiderable, the process is called the *acetous fermentation*.

"If vinegar be kept for a length of time, its surface becomes covered with a green mould which constantly increases; its acidity gradually disappears; its peculiar pungent acid smell gives place to a highly disagreeable odour; and, as this last effect proceeds from the rottenness (*putredo*) of the vegetable matter present, the whole change is called the *putrefactive fermentation*." p. 95-7.

The change produced in dough by the addition of yeast, is to be included in the class of vinous fermentations, although some chemists, our author tells us, on the supposition that dough, in that state, if distilled, did not yield alcohol, have insisted on drawing a distinction in this case, and proposed to call the effect produced *granary fermentation*. It is ascertained, however, that dough, in the state alluded to, will yield alcohol on distillation; there are, consequently, no grounds for the distinction. In all cases of fermentation a certain quantity of moisture must be present; and where the fermentation in question is the vinous, the body must be in a state of actual liquidity. A certain temperature is also necessary to support fermentation of any kind. The temperature most adapted to produce vinous fermentation is about 60°; at 50° the process goes on with languor; at 70° it is too rapid, and tends to the acetous stage; at the freezing point it will not occur. On the other hand, at a high temperature far below the point of boiling water, it cannot exist.

Fermentation is produced by the action of certain substances, called *ferments*, on other substances, which, being capable of fermentation, are included in the term fermentable matters. Bodies susceptible of the vinous fermentation, (says Mr. Donovan,) do not undergo it, unless the proper ferment be present. A solution of pure sugar in water will not decidedly ferment unless yeast be added; nor will the juice of grapes, or other fruits, ferment, if they be deprived of a substance which they naturally contain analogous to yeast. The acetous fermentation has also its peculiar ferment; but this substance, it seems, has never been obtained in a separate form. Mr. Donovan then inquires—

"What is the nature of the different ferments which produce these changes? No answer can be given to the question put in this general form, as the researches of chemists have been particularly directed only to that one called *yeast*; and this accordingly is the only one the nature of which is at all understood, and our knowledge of it is still extremely imperfect.

"Yeast has been variously represented by different chemists who investigated it. Fabroni considered it identical with *gluten*. This is a substance contained in wheaten flour, which imparts to it the property of forming a tough paste with water; and which may be separated from the flour by kneading a handful of it under water, until it no longer communicates whiteness to the liquid. What then remains in the hand is

a grey, tenacious, tough, elastic mass, stretching out and collapsing again like Indian rubber. The white matter which has mixed with the water soon subsides; it is starch: and of this, along with the gluten, was the original flour composed.

"This gluten, or some modification of it, is what Fabroni considered to be the true vinous ferment; and he supported his opinion by some striking facts, which have been added to by the researches of Thenard. It was found that solution of sugar, which by itself does not ferment, does so, although feebly, if some gluten be added, and much better if the gluten be dissolved, as by the addition of tartar. Without the presence of tartar, the juice of grapes refuses to ferment; and its effect is supposed to depend on its power of holding the natural ferment of the grape in solution. Gluten is not only contained in the different kinds of grain used for making fermented liquors, but also in different kinds of fruits, especially those which readily enter into spontaneous fermentation, as grapes and gooseberries. The juice of these fruits may be deprived of their yeast by heating and filtering. What remains on the filter is a tasteless substance, insoluble in water, and decomposable by heat into the same ultimate elements as yeast from grain. Grape-juice deprived of its yeast refused to ferment; but when its yeast was restored, the juice fermented freely. Fruit yeast added to solution of sugar caused an abundant fermentation; so also did wheat gluten in this solution, or in grape-juice deprived of its natural yeast.

"If common yeast or barm be allowed to stand for some time undisturbed in a tall vessel, a whitish curdy matter rises to the surface. This matter, if separated, will be found to be very active in exciting fermentation in saccharine liquors; at the same time the yeast remaining in the vessel has lost that power. It therefore follows, that this curdy matter is the true ferment: it is found to partake very much of the nature of gluten; and seems to differ very little from the yeast of the grapes, or of other fruits.

"In some respects there are differences between the gluten of wheat flour and that obtained from yeast, or from the juice of fruits: one of the most important is, that gluten of grain is much less efficacious in exciting fermentation than that of fruits. As a spontaneous fermentation takes place in the juice of grapes, gooseberries, apples, and various other fruits, as well as in words drawn from the nutritive grains, although it is exceedingly feeble, it would be sufficient evidence of the existence in these fruits and grains of the principle which excites fermentation, be its name and nature what they may. And all the facts seem to prove that the gluten of wheat is either identical with, or a near approximation to, the nature of yeast. Most probably the latter is the truth; and, perhaps, *ferment* is as much a proximate principle of vegetables as sugar or starch, and extensively diffused throughout nature.

"Seguin, however, has endeavoured to prove that the true fermenting principle is *albumen*, which he found to exist in all those vegetables, the juice of which readily runs into decomposition. He even affirmed that animal albumen, as the white of egg, is capable of exciting fermentation,—a fact which Fabroni had denied. The opinion of Seguin seems to be ill supported.

"The yeast of beer kept for some days in a close vessel, and at the temperature of 70° to 90°, undergoes the putrefactive fermentation. If the contact of oxygen be allowed, that gas is converted into carbonic acid, while probably a little water is also formed. Hence the yeast affords carbon, and perhaps a little hydrogen, to the oxygen. The grounds of the latter supposition are, that the volume of carbonic acid is somewhat less than that of the original oxygen.

When the yeast is pressed, so as to separate the chief quantity of water, and exposed to a gentle heat, it dries into a hard granular substance which retains all the original properties for a great length of time. It may be preserved much longer by dipping twigs in it, and drying them in the air. By drying it is reduced to one-third of its weight. By maceration for some time in boiling water its fermentable powers are either greatly diminished or destroyed. (Thenard.) ••

"From all the statements adduced, it therefore appears that the opinion of chemists, as to the nature of the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, is not contradicted by any known fact. It appears that sugar, or at least some saccharine matter, as we call the modifications of sugar, is the only substance which supports the process in question; and that where sugar is not palpably present, its elements are, as also some substance which is the instrument by which they are arranged in such a way as to produce sugar. It may be converted into alcohol as soon as formed, and may thus escape detection *in transitu*. In seasons when,—the corn being very nearly ripe,—there are considerable falls of rain, the ears are bowed down to the earth; the grain is actually steeped in water, and a commencement of germination takes place. The grain is then said to be malted; that is, it has commenced the growing process, just as if it had been sown in the earth. This being checked, it can never grow again, and therefore cannot be malted further. Such corn may, in this state, be unfit for any purpose; it is too little malted for the purposes of fermentation, and too much altered for any other use. This would be an irremediable calamity, but for the fact already described. Such corn is, notwithstanding, as fit for fermentation as malt itself; for, during the malting, the starch remaining unchanged, is converted into sugar, by the sugar already formed, as Dr. Irvine says, according to the experiment of Kirchoff already detailed, or by the gluten of the grain.

"But although sugar thus appears to be the proper subject of the vinous fermentation, we are not to infer that, if sugar is present, it must necessarily be possible to induce fermentation on it. On the contrary, we are acquainted with one kind of sugar, namely *manna*, which, when purified from some common sugar which it naturally contains, seems incapable of undergoing fermentation—at least, chemists have not succeeded in inducing it; and there may be other kinds of sugar which refuse in the same manner.

"There is one other condition, essential to a successful fermentation, which naturally flows from those already noticed, and which has been previously adverted to under different heads. This condition is the proportion of all the ingredients concerned in the vinous fermentation. If there be too much sugar compared with the water, the process is impeded in two ways, according as the excess is great, or very great. If very great, the liquor is not sufficiently diluted to allow freedom of motion to the acting particles; they are entangled, and their agency is obstructed in the same way as we know other energetic agencies to be by viscosity. If the excess be not very great, the impediment to the process of fermentation arises from the too abundant formation of alcohol, which, when concentrated, impedes the fermentation of all bodies. The quantity of alcohol formed is proportionate to the quantity of sugar which actually undergoes fermentation; and hence, if there be too much sugar in the act of fermenting, there will be too much alcohol formed for the continuance of the process, and it must at length cease, the sugar being actually preserved from further change by the abundance of alcohol. Thus, a very great excess of sugar prevents the fermentation from taking place at all, and a more limited excess checks the process before it has

been completed. Too little sugar, or what is the same thing, too much water, produces proportionately little alcohol; and the presence of that little, far from preserving the liquor from further change, promotes its transition to a new stage, as will be hereafter seen.

"The ratio of the yeast is equally important: if there be too much, and the temperature be high, the vinous fermentation can scarcely be prevented from running into the acetous. If there be too much at a low temperature, the fermentation is languid, and the liquor acquires a sickly taste, which it ever after retains. An effect not very different from this last follows from the use of too little yeast at a high temperature.

"From all that has been said, it now appears that there are several conditions essential to the production of the vinous fermentation: they may be summed up as follows:—

"1. There must be water present, and in such ratio as produces moderate dilution.

"There must be a moderate temperature; the process does not go on at either the freezing or boiling point of water; at summer heat it is most active.

"3. There must be a substance called a *ferment* present to commence the process; and once commenced, it will go on without the presence of the ferment.

"4. Besides the ferment there must be fermentable matter, that is, sugar, or some modification of it; and this is the subject-matter on which the change is effected, and which gives rise to the new products.

"During the vinous fermentation an immense quantity of carbonic acid gas is generated, and escapes by effervescence. Alcohol is at the same time gradually produced, and remains mixed in the liquor. The taste of the liquor becomes less sweet, and when the formation of alcohol is complete, the sweetness has totally disappeared. In short, the sugar is decomposed; and the only products found resulting from it are carbonic acid and alcohol. •••

"The changes which take place during the vinous fermentation may be thus briefly expressed:—Some of the carbon and some of the oxygen combine to form carbonic acid; while the remainder of the carbon, the remainder of the oxygen, and the whole of the hydrogen, combine to form alcohol; and we may totally neglect the decomposition of the yeast, it amounting to almost nothing. Thus is this inert, solid, fixed, sweet matter resolved by a new arrangement of its principles into substances which possess none of these properties, and one of which exerts a control of so singular a nature over the animal economy.

"The manner in which the decomposition is effected is difficult to understand. Yeast is admitted to be the agent; but chemists are not agreed as to the nature of its agency. Gay Lussac is of opinion that the vinous fermentation is merely the change produced on sugar by the operation of a new order of affinities, its consequent decomposition, and the formation of new products by a different arrangement of the old elements. Thenard conceives that the change is commenced by the interposition of the affinity of the elements of the yeast amongst those of the sugar; for yeast is known to possess a powerful affinity for oxygen. The carbon and hydrogen of the yeast combine with portions of oxygen from the sugar, at least during the first stages of the process. The equilibrium of affinity between the constituent elements of the sugar being now subverted, these elements re-act on each other, and combine in such a manner as to transform themselves into alcohol and carbonic acid. The yeast, therefore, merely commences the process by taking a minute quantity of oxygen from the sugar: the equilibrium of affinity in the sugar is thus altered, and the rest of the changes go on independently of any

agency of the yeast. The products formed by the union of the principles of the ferment with the oxygen of the sugar are so small, that they may be considered as almost nothing, and may be neglected in any calculations. Thenard supposes that nitrogen enters into the composition of alcohol: for he ascertained that nitrogen exists in yeast; that it is abstracted from the yeast which has served for fermentation, on which account it will not excite fermentation more than a second time; and that it is not found in the carbonic acid evolved, although the contrary is asserted by Proust. Hence Thenard concludes that it must exist in the alcohol, although analysis failed to detect it; and this failure leads us to suspect that the statement of Proust is well founded. T. Saussure, at one time, admitted nitrogen amongst the principles of alcohol; but in his last memoir he states it to be composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon.

"Fabroni had suggested a theory nearly similar to that of Thenard. He supposed the whole quantity of carbonic acid produced to result from the combination of the carbon of the yeast with oxygen from the sugar, the remainder of the elements then all combining together to form alcohol. Seguin supposed the carbon of the yeast to derive the necessary supply of oxygen, for the formation of carbonic acid, from the water constituting the solution, its hydrogen uniting with the elements of the sugar, and thus forming alcohol. Lavoisier inferred, that from the sugar alone we derive the total quantities of carbonic acid and alcohol which appear during fermentation, one part of its carbon being combined with some of its oxygen, so as to form carbonic acid, and the remainder of the oxygen and carbon combining with the whole hydrogen to form alcohol. None of these theories seem satisfactory, and much yet remains to be done before we can consider the theory of fermentation as understood." p. 99—113.

From the foregoing it will be seen, that a work like the present should be the companion of him who would make his own wine, brew his own beer, or bake his own bread, if in such preparations it be his desire to comprehend why he succeeds or fails, and how he may best make success a certainty, and failure only the result of his own ignorance or negligence;—and we trust that these our assertions and showings will not be slighted by those who would eat or drink *rationality*.

EDUCATION.

The Literary and Scientific Class-Book. 2d edit. By the Rev. John Platts. 12mo. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THERE are few persons who think themselves incompetent to teach those who are younger than themselves; and as this axiom holds good in nearly every department of human knowledge, it is not to be wondered at that books of instruction for the young are overwhelming in number, though too frequently deficient in the accomplishment of the end for which they are (professedly) designed. Not that such books are written or compiled, for the most part, by ignorant persons, but by persons who, however well informed themselves, are ignorant of that one very essential, yet very rare, art—the art of teaching. A facility of gaining knowledge by no means implies or secures a facility of communicating knowledge to others; and perhaps there is no task more difficult in our progress through life, than that of conveying instruction to the young and inexperienced.

In the work now before us, the compiler has not been wanting in diligence to collect, in a small compass, the elements of scientific information, and more is contained in this work than in many of a larger size; but in the selection of questions for the exercise and improvement of

his juven
want of
nearly i
question
be put t
attainme
stranger
to affirm
instance
but evide
to illust
Some
in the c
objectio
repeat,
positio
it is n
glaring
impart
and at
a retor
to comp

The L
ture
Mil
THIS
guide-
archite
teache
of liv
not th
reason
perso
this b
tures
most
chara
work
in the
indu
on M
it is
as u
are
litho
tesy
amu
imit
"H
Bor
dra
No
ing
imit
be
Th
Th
his
he
us
wr
sty
the
ch
in
ou
ti
ta
n
sp
V
th
th
h
f
r
l
f
c

his juvenile readers, Mr. Platts has exhibited a want of tact that renders his previous labours nearly inert and unproductive. Let Mr. P.'s questions upon the subjects contained in his book be put to a child of any capacity and scientific attainments, who shall be at the same time a stranger to this identical volume, and we venture to affirm that in very many, not to say in most, instances, the answers given will be anything but evidences of the tendency of such questions to illustrate the principles laid down in the text. Somewhat of the same want of aptitude is seen in the explanatory prefixes to each lesson. These objections may not appear very serious; but we repeat, there are few books more difficult of composition than those intended for children; and it is not enough that such books contain no glaring errors,—they should be so arranged as to impart their contents easily to the young mind, and at the same time so impressive as to ensure a retention of the knowledge they are intended to convey. In this respect we think the present compilation defective.

The Literary Blue Book; or Calendar of Literature, Science, and Art, for 1830. Marsh and Miller.

THIS is a very convenient and elegant little guide-book to the residences of the painters, architects, sculptors, musical professors, and teachers of languages of the metropolis. A list of living authors also is prefixed, but this has not the addresses; the compiler had some good reason, no doubt, for the omission. But the person who has been employed in getting up this book is not a mere compiler; he even ventures to write himself critic, and to assume the most difficult task of criticism—viz. that of characterising in a few words the nature of the works for which the person whose name is put in the list is distinguished. He is generally indulgent. The greatest exercise of severity is on Mr. Cobbett. "The miscellaneous works," it is said, "of this bold and powerful writer, are as useful and original as his political pamphlets are violent and inconsistent." Engravers in lithography are the especial objects of the courtesy of the *Literary Blue Book*; it is truly amusing to find engravings from drawings called imitations. Thus we have it said of Harding: "His lithographic imitations of sketches by Bonington evidence the spirit of fidelity of his drawings, and the variety of his manner." Now, however Mr. Harding's copies of Bonington may be prized, it is very clear that his imitations, should he attempt such a task, would be sought after by nobody.

The Young Wanderer's Cave; and other Tales. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THE author of this agreeable volume presents himself to our notice with very little pretension: he realizes, however, much more than he leads us to expect. The book contains four Tales, written with a lively flow of humour, and in a style at once vivacious and unembarrassed. Although these Tales are expressly intended for children, they may nevertheless be read with interest by persons of larger growth. We have ourselves been much gratified by the Tale entitled "Fagging." The characters are well sustained; they are painted with considerable vividness and power; the dialogue is exceedingly spirited, and perfectly germane to the characters. We confess we think the stories improbable; they are, upon the whole, rather clumsily contrived, and the conclusion of the third almost borders upon the ridiculous. All the actors in them, however, stand before us in distinct and forcible identity; they are strong portraits from nature, and touched with a nicely-discriminating hand. We must say, upon the whole, that we feel the volume before us to be the production of a very clever person, and one capable of rising

to much higher distinction than the present publication is likely to obtain for him.

Inductive Grammar. Simpkin and Marshall. Or this little tract we cannot well speak in terms of too high praise. It so simplifies the accidence of English Grammar as to render it accessible to the most slender capacity. The parts of speech are explained in a manner entirely new, and level to the comprehension of children of the tenderest age. We think the author has shown himself to be such a master of his subject that we feel justified in suggesting to him the propriety of forming a Grammar better adapted to the more advanced pupil, as we are satisfied that he might produce an elementary work of much general utility.

Celestial Cards. Moon, Threadneedle-street. 1830.

THE games at which it is proposed to play with these cards do not profess to give any instruction in astronomy; but as the cards, which have the planets, &c. on them, contain particulars respecting them, such as their diameter, distance from the sun, &c. the player, while he holds them in his hand, has certain astronomical knowledge forced on his attention. The pack, with the little book of explanation, therefore, forms a suitable present for young people.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF A COLONIST, IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

THE life of a colonist presents many peculiarities and inconveniences, which our fellow-countrymen in England can form so imperfect a conception of, that a sketch of it will, I believe, not be altogether uninteresting to many of your readers. So great is our natural propensity to be discontented with our present situation, and to indulge in glowing anticipations of the future, that most men, and more particularly those of a romantic turn of mind, are but too prone to think that any change will be for the better. Under the influence of such pleasing impressions, people of this sanguine character seldom command the power to check their imagination in its career—to consider whether the new mode of life they have chosen bears any analogy to their previous habits, or whether their passion for the wild beauties of uncultivated nature, and a life of independence and powerful excitement, will support them under the privations and discomforts inseparable from the infant state of society. Considering the diversity of tastes and acquired habits, it would be in vain to attempt telling the man about to emigrate, that his situation or happiness would be improved by the change. For this reason, were my opinion asked on the subject, I should simply communicate such facts as had fallen within my own observation, and leave the inquirer to draw his own conclusions.

With this view I shall proceed to give a few details of the habits of a South African farmer, in which it is my object to convey some idea of the kind of life he often leads.

After the failure of the settlement at Fredericksburg,—which was intended as a protection to the British settlers in the district of Albany, from the incursions of the Kaffers,—I retired with one of my brothers, who had been my companion in misfortune at that luckless post, to an estate which had been recently granted to an elder brother, in the district of Elitenhage, who, though he had not been settled more than a fortnight, had already housed himself with his family and servants, in what are there called Hartebeest-huts. These simple habitations, which derive their name from being formerly used by the *boers*, when hunting the hartebeest antelope, at a distance from their homes, are, from

the ease and quickness with which they are raised, peculiarly suited to form the first shelter to the new-comer. Were I inclined to speculate on the gradual progress of improvement among the early habitations of the earth, I should fix on the hartebeest-hut, as forming the intermediate link between the caves and holes, in which our venerable ancestors are said to have burrowed, and a modern cottage. However, in this instance, they seem to have departed from the natural order of things, by beginning at the top instead of the bottom; for this hut is, in fact, little more than the roof of a thatched house. A number of long flexible poles are cut in the nearest wood, or jungle, and fixed in holes in the ground, in two rows, four or five paces asunder; the tops of the opposite poles are then brought together, and tied with wet thongs cut from a raw bullock's hide, thus giving it the form of a Gothic arch. A number of slender sticks are then tied with the same material across the poles for laths. The whole is then thatched with long reeds, which are usually found in abundance on the banks of the larger streams; the thatch is sewed on with wet thongs, much in the same manner as practised in England. An axe, a sickle, and knife, are all the tools required in the construction of this most primitive habitation: the ends of the hut are constructed by sewing reeds to a frame-work of rough sticks, and plastering them afterwards with a mixture of cow-dung and sand.

In three or four days my brother and I had sheltered ourselves and servants in two huts of this description; distinguishing our own, however, by a wooden door at each end, and a reed partition in the middle. Our stock of beef being now exhausted, we killed one of our oxen, by shooting, (according to our custom,) to save us the trouble of catching him first—usually a matter of no small difficulty in this country. After the meat was cold, we cut it up into thin pieces, and salted it into the hide, which was folded round and tied. We then dug a hole in the ground, and planted it, as an Australian would say; and the mouth of the hole was filled up with large stones, to prevent the hyenas and dogs from robbing us during the night. When it had lain twenty-four hours in this manner, it was taken out and hung up in the smoke, in our servants' hut, to be used as it should be required. We had brought with our waggons from Grahamstown an abundant supply, for at least six months, of flour, rice, wine, and brandy, &c. &c.; and besides our own stock of cattle, which we were unwilling to diminish, plenty were to be had at a very moderate price from the neighbouring Dutch farmers. We were therefore in no want of the common necessities of life.

The interior of our hut, in its furniture, corresponded in simplicity with the exterior. In the middle of our principal room, stood a yellow-wood† table; on each side a short bench of the same wood, along the reed partition, and fronting the grand entrance, stood a bed without curtains; and the bottom of which, in place of canvas, had thongs of bullock's hide stretched across it, to support the bedding. This couch, which was rather a handsome piece of furniture, compared with many others in this part of the colony, was covered with a sheep-skin *caross*, or blanket, made by sewing dressed skins, with the wool or hair on, together, with sinews for thread. Near the door of our domicile stood a large churn, with a cloth tied over the top, to strain the milk through as it comes from the cow. On the opposite side lay two casks of wine and brandy, supported on stones, ready to be tapped as we wanted it. Over head hung two or three large guns, constantly loaded with ball, that they might be always ready for

† The wood commonly used at the Cape for house building, and the commonest kinds of furniture: it is a native tree.

use, offensively or defensively, as the case might require.

We now proceeded to make *kraals*, or folds, for our cattle, by felling large mimosa trees, dragging them with a team of oxen, and forming a circular inclosure. We also fixed a row of strong poles in the ground, to which our cows were tied, when we milked them. The business of milking is here always performed by the men; and as females formed no part of our establishment, our servants, who were discharged soldiers, had to milk, wash, bake, and cook for us. As we were in expectation of procuring grants of land in the neighbourhood, in compensation for our losses at Fredericksburg, we, of course, made no preparations for a more permanent settlement, but proceeded to plough a few acres of ground near our huts, and sow it with maize and pumpkins, to enable us to commence a new establishment with greater facility. I have found, by experience, sometimes dearly bought, that the British settlers in this colony would do well to follow implicitly the practice of their Dutch neighbours, in agricultural matters, until they have two or three years' experience of the peculiarities of the soil and climate. It is almost impossible for Europeans to avoid feeling a contempt for the rude implements and clumsy agriculture of the Dutch colonists. We, however, were not long in finding that we should have succeeded better, had we profited by their experience. From the larger portion of the ground we had sowed with maize, we reaped little more than the seed expended on it. In our anxiety to procure a large return, we had ploughed the land twice, and manured it highly; the consequence was, that the roots of the rank grass, which were brought to the surface, had not time to rot in this dry climate; and in dibbling in the seed at regular distances, the greater part fell into these matted tufts, which left them without moisture from the soil. A small patch, on the contrary, of inferior ground, which we cultivated in the Cape way, by ploughing it once only, and sowing it in the broad-cast manner, though without manure, brought us a great return. In our pumpkins, however, we were more fortunate, as we followed, in their culture, the usual method of the country, which is this:—After the ground is ploughed, a number of holes are dug nine inches deep, two feet wide, and three paces asunder; a spadeful of manure is thrown into each hole, and mixed up with the loose mould which was dug from it: this mixture is covered with mould about an inch or two in thickness, and a dozen seeds are planted round the edges of each hole. The surface of these holes should be kept lower than the ground about them, to preserve the moisture in them for a longer time. After finishing our ploughing and sowing, we enclosed our ground with mimosa trees, in the same way as we formed our cattle-fold; and having now time to look about us, I shall endeavour to give you a sketch of the surrounding country.

The tract of country in which this estate is situated, extending from the mouth of the Bushmans' to the mouth of the Sunday rivers, and eight or nine miles inland, taking it altogether, far exceeds, in richness and picturesque beauty, any part of the colony I had yet seen. In a country abounding, as South Africa does, in the bolder features of nature, the portion of it in which we now resided did not merit the appellation of romantic; but its softly undulated surface, intersected occasionally by deep woody ravines; its lawns and little valleys, lightly sprinkled here and there with mimosæ,—amply entitled it to the name of beautiful. A few hundred yards from our hut a fine forest commenced, extending itself for more than twenty miles to the westward, over the tops of high hills, leaving little meadows at intervals, covered with the most luxuriant herbage. This beautiful coun-

try, though it never loses its verdure, is still liable to the same objection as other parts of the colony, in the scantiness of the supply of water. On an extent of more than six thousand acres, which my brother's estate measured, there was only one spring that could be depended on for the use of his cattle and for domestic purposes, at all times of the year. This little rivulet, if it deserve the name, rose a few hundred yards above his house, where he constructed a dam, to enable his stock to drink with greater facility; what escaped from this dam, after supplying our hut with water, entered the forest, where it soon disappeared altogether in the porous soil. I have entered into these little particulars to show what is understood here by a small river, "*een klein rivier*." It is curious to observe how the language of a country adapts and expands itself according to the circumstances of its inhabitants; and here, though the barbarous dialect of the Dutch, spoken by their simple and ignorant descendants, is peculiarly defective in the expression of abstract ideas, it is exceedingly copious in describing minute differences on subjects connected with their local habits and pursuits. Thus we have in this country no less than eleven distinctive terms to express the comparative strength of springs, from a river down to an equivocal dribbling from a rock. This curious gradation terminates at last in a "*calei*," or natural stagnant pools filled with rain water, and usually found in chains in little hollows, or singly on the summits of flat-topped hills, in most parts of the colony. These natural excavations frequently indicate a run of water a few feet below the surface. . . .

STANZAS TO WEBER'S LAST WALTZ.

"*Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argæ*."—*Verg.*

Oh! no longer would my bosom feel this wild throb of pain,
Could it breathe thy blessed air, oh! my Germany, again!
Might I roam on thy banks, oh! thou blue-rushing Rhine,
'Mid the curtain-like wreaths of the dear mountain-vine;
And behold the free steps of thy flaxen-hair'd maids,
As they weave the light waltz in those green-roofed shades.
Even now, methinks, I see them whirling lightly round and round,
With their rosy smiles illumining the rapture-haunted ground;
And I hear the wild notes of a seraph-like song Rise from voices attuned to the time-stepping throng;
Sweet strains of enchantment that blend in the breeze,
With the music of streams and the murmur of trees.
Oh! let me dwell one moment on that spirit-soothing strain;
Oh! give those charmed numbers to my drooping soul again.
Now they breathe in deep measures bewitchingly soft;
Now like twilight-hymn'd vesper rise sweetly aloft;
Now they break on the ear like the voice of a bird,
From some deep-bosom'd forest at even-tide heard.
Thou art lovely to the stranger, oh! thou land beyond the sea;
But sweeter thy remembrance, happy Germany, to me:
Deep thrills of excitement pervade all my frame,
My pulses beat quick at the sound of thy name;
And this heart-breathing strain which responds to my hand,
Hath been caught from a dream of my dear native land. D. R.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

[From the *Mémoires* of M. de Bourrienne, Vol. V.]

NAPOLEON AND HORTENSE—EXCULPATION OF NAPOLEON.

On the 8th of March 1804, at eight o'clock in the morning, I had an audience of the First Consul, unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing for myself, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, he gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said to me, "By the bye, the report of my connexion with Hortense is still kept up; the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child; I thought at the time that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire prevailing that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated, have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, General, oftentimes; but I confess I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long."—"It is truly frightful to think of. You know the truth—you have seen all that has passed—heard everything;—the least step could not have been taken without your knowledge; you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc. I expect of you, should you ever write anything about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust to you. You have never given credit to this horrid accusation."—"No, General, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense, on the way in which she then conducted herself, on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished; the union has not proved a happy one—I am grieved at this, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words: "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you, but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I desire it to be known that I am not in need of anybody." He again spoke for a moment of Hortense,—I answered, that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth, to do what he desired, and that I would do it, but that the making known the truth did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnois, held Napoleon in a respectful fear; she trembled when she spoke to him; she never dared ask him a favour. If she desired anything of him she applied to me, and when I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton," said Napoleon, "why does she not herself ask me? Is the child afraid of me, then?" Napoleon never felt for her anything more than a real paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw nor heard anything which could give the least cause for suspecting, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. That is one of the calumnies to be classed among those with which malice delights in blackening the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare, that did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me of it, I would avow it. He is no more, and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or be it evil, which really belongs to him. Let

not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in concluding this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were of the greatest severity, and that a connexion of the nature of that charged against him was neither correspondent with his ideas, his morals, nor his tastes. Distinction should be made between the caresses of a father and friend, and the wantonness of a lover.

NAPOLEON AND M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

During the same interview (that which M. de Bourrienne had with Madame Bonaparte on occasion of the death of the Duke d'Enghien), Josephine talked with me on the only act of courage which the melancholy occurrence called forth,—I mean the resignation which, in consequence of that event, M. de Chateaubriand had tendered to Bonaparte. She expressed great admiration of the conduct of M. de Chateaubriand, and said, "It is to be lamented that Napoleon is not surrounded by men of similar character; he would then be corrected of all the faults in which the constant approbation of those who are about him confirms him."

In the evening of the same day, wherever I went I found the catastrophe of the 21st March, and the noble conduct of M. de Chateaubriand, the only topics of conversation. And since the name of this celebrated person is written in the history of that period in letters of gold, which will endure for ever, it will not be amiss, I think, to record what I know of the previous connexion between him and Napoleon.

I cannot state the precise date of the return of M. de Chateaubriand to France after the revolution: I know only that it must have been about the beginning of the year 1800, for we were still, to the best of my recollection, at the Luxembourg. This, however, I well remember, that at first Napoleon entertained strong prejudices against him, and that when I expressed my surprise that M. de Chateaubriand's name had not been entered on any of the lists prepared by his orders of fit persons to have places, he said to me, "It is not because he has not been mentioned to me, but I gave such an answer as will prevent my hearing more on the subject; he has his ideas of liberty and independence; he would never join in my system as I view it. I would rather have him an avowed enemy than a reluctant friend. For the rest, hereafter perhaps we may see; I may try him first in a subordinate situation, and if I am satisfied with him I will advance him."

This is, word for word, what Bonaparte said to me of M. de Chateaubriand the first time he conversed with me on the subject. The publication of *Atala*, followed by that of the *Génie du Christianisme*, suddenly gave great éclat to his name, and attracted the attention of the First Consul. Napoleon, who was then meditating the restoration of religious worship in France, found himself surprisingly aided in his project by the publication of a book which produced a great sensation, and the extraordinary merit of which led back the minds of the nation to the contemplation of religious ideas. I remember well Madame Bacciocchi's coming one day to seek her brother, having in her hand a small volume; that volume was *Atala*, which she made a present of to the First Consul, requesting that he would read it. He began by exclaiming, "What more novels in A! I have time, truly, to read all your trumpery!" He nevertheless took the book out of the hands of his sister and placed it on the table of the cabinet. Madame Bacciocchi then sued for the erasure of the name of M. de Chateaubriand from the list of emigrants. "Ah! ah!" replied Napoleon, "what the book is M. de Chateaubriand's? I will read it. Bourrienne, write to Fouché to have his name struck off the list." From this we may see how little Bonaparte

concerned himself about literary matters, since he did not know before that *Atala* was the production of M. de Chateaubriand. It was at the recommendation of M. de Fontanes that Madame Bacciocchi had taken the step which had succeeded so well. Bonaparte read *Atala* and was much pleased with it; and on the publication, a short time subsequently, of the *Génie du Christianisme*, he completely abandoned all his prejudices against the author of it. Among the people who were about the person of Napoleon, there were many who were alarmed at seeing a man of such great talents as M. de Chateaubriand, drawn over to the First Consul, who, ever alive to superior merit, sought to attach its possessors to himself whenever he was not jealous of them.

The relations between the Holy See and France having been renewed, and Cardinal Fesch having been named ambassador to the Apostolic Court, it occurred to Bonaparte, and to him first of all, to appoint M. de Chateaubriand to be the principal secretary of the embassy, from the notion that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* would be the fittest person in the world to make up, in the capital of Christendom, destined to become the second city of the French Empire, for the want of talent in the uncle of the First Consul.

It was a circumstance very remarkable at that period, that a man, until then a stranger to diplomacy, should overstep all the intermediate grades, and be suddenly invested with all the attributes of principal secretary to a grand embassy. I more than once had occasion to perceive the credit which Bonaparte took to himself for the idea that had thus occurred to him. I knew at the time, although he was ignorant of the fact, that M. de Chateaubriand at first declined to accept the nomination, and that he was at length induced to accept it by the entreaties of the heads of the clergy, and especially of the Abbé Emery, a man of distinguished merit and of great influence. They represented to the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* that it was to the interest of religion that he should accompany to Rome the uncle of the First Consul, and M. de Chateaubriand resolved on going.

Differences arose, I know not on what grounds, between the Ambassador and the Secretary of Legation; but what I know is, that when Bonaparte was informed of the disagreement, he at first sided with the Cardinal, and the friends of M. de Chateaubriand made sure of very shortly seeing him dismissed, when, to the astonishment of everybody, so far from becoming a disgraced servant, the Secretary to the Roman Embassy was raised by the First Consul to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais, with liberty to travel in Switzerland and Italy; and still further the promise of the first grand embassy that should become vacant.

This avowed patronage created a great sensation at the Tuileries; but the will of Bonaparte once known, put a restraint on all invidious expressions, and the courtiers contented themselves with insinuating that Bonaparte showed this favour to M. de Chateaubriand on account of his reputation, while in truth the real cause was no other than the merit of the man. It was pending this period of favour that M. de Chateaubriand dedicated to Napoleon the second edition of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

M. de Chateaubriand soon returned to France to prepare for taking on himself his new mission. After some months spent in Paris, the hour of his departure drew nigh. He one morning waited on the First Consul in his cabinet to take his leave. By a strange chance, this happened to be the fatal morning of the 21st of March, and four hours only had elapsed since the Duke d'Enghien had been shot. It is superfluous to add, that M. de Chateaubriand was then unacquainted

with what had happened. On his returning, however, from his interview with the First Consul, he observed to his friends,—and if I remember rightly, it was M. de Fontanes from whom I had this account,—that he had remarked a strange alteration in the countenance of the First Consul, and a sinister expression in his looks. Bonaparte, it seems, had seen his new minister in the press of courtiers, and appeared several times to be making towards him, as if with a desire to speak with him, but then suddenly turned his back, and no more came near to where he was. A few hours after M. de Chateaubriand had imparted his observations to two or three of his friends, public rumour revealed to him the sad cause of an agitation of mind which Bonaparte, notwithstanding his extraordinary strength of character, and the marvellous command he possessed over himself, had not been able to conceal.

M. de Chateaubriand sent in his resignation as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais. His friends were for several days in the most serious alarm on his account; they came to his house every morning, to assure themselves that he had not been arrested during the night. Their fears were not without sufficient cause. For myself, who knew Bonaparte so well, I can safely say that I was, at the time, greatly surprised at the harmless consequences of the anger which he betrayed on first receiving intelligence of the resignation of a man who had dedicated his work to him. There was, in fact, much to apprehend on account of M. Chateaubriand, and it was not without great difficulty that Eliza was able to avert a storm, the bursting of which would have been terrible at the first moment. From that period commenced the mutual hostility between Napoleon and M. de Chateaubriand, which only ended on the restoration of the Bourbons.

From my experience of the character of Bonaparte, I feel no doubt that when the first fury of his passion had subsided, and although he would continue to entertain an implacable resentment towards a restored emigrant who dared to chastise his conduct in so marked and solemn a manner,—what was a motive for hatred was also a motive for esteem. The animosity of Bonaparte was, I allow, very natural, for he could not deceive himself as to the true meaning of a resignation tendered under such circumstances; it said plainly enough, "You have committed a crime, and I will no longer serve your government, stained as it is with the blood of a Bourbon." I conceive easily that Bonaparte would never have pardoned the only man who had dared read him such a lesson in the plenitude of his power; but, as I have often had occasion to remark, the feelings of Bonaparte and his judgment never interfered with one another. I find a confirmatory testimony to the truth of this assertion of mine, in the following passage, dictated to M. de Montholon at St. Helena.

"If," said Bonaparte, "the confidence of the King, in 1814 and 1815, had not been placed in men whose souls shrunk before circumstances too weighty for them, or who, renegades to their country, saw no safety nor glory for the throne of their master, but in the yoke of the Holy Alliance; if the Duc de Richelieu, whose ambition it was to deliver France from the presence of foreign bayonets, or Chateaubriand, who had just rendered essential service to his country at Ghent, had had the direction of affairs, France would have risen powerful and formidable out of those two grand national crises.

"Chateaubriand has received from nature the sacred fire, his works show this; his style is not that of Racine, it is that of the Prophet. He is the only man who would have dared to say, in the Chamber of Peers, that the coat and hat of Napoleon, placed at the end of a staff, on

the shore at Brest, would make Europe run to arms. Should he arrive at the helm of affairs, it is possible that he may take a wrong course, so many have been wrecked on that shoal. Yet it is certain, that whatever is grand and national must accord with his genius, and that he would have recoiled with indignation from the degrading acts of the government of that day."

FINE ARTS.

MR. WILKIE AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE do not feel called on to take up the cudgels against the Royal Academy, for their choice of Mr. Shee, as President of their Society; yet since, as Mr. Owen has lately taught us, we cannot feel or think as we please, we hope to be excused avowing, by the way, that it does seem to us that the highest honours which a body of artists have to bestow ought certainly to be conferred as the reward of eminence in art; and that Mr. Shee does not possess that superiority over his fellows which should be the title to so high a distinction. Since the choice is to be made from among Academicians, Mr. Wilkie, no doubt, was the person who had best right to the vacant honour. We make these remarks, and in this place, because we have a bone to pick with Mr. Wilkie, or his friends, and are desirous of showing that, in so doing, we have no feeling either against the man or the artist.

A whim seized us the other day,—a foolish one it proved:—as we were passing to the British Gallery, we stepped over the hospitable threshold of No. 100, there to amuse ourselves for half an hour, and to refresh our principles of criticism. Perhaps we were more critically inclined than usual, and on that account conceived the wish, that Mr. Wilkie would beseech his August Patron to whisper a word of command into Lord Farnborough's ear, that through his Lordship's means, the proper authorities should be apprised of the indecorum and impolicy of hanging the works of living artists in the same room with the productions of the old masters. It was a compliment to Canova, highly gratifying, no doubt, to the feelings of that eminent sculptor, that his Perseus and his Boxers should be placed in niches corresponding with those adorned by the Apollo and Laocoon; but there is but one opinion, we believe, as to the policy of Canova, in accepting so dangerous a mark of approbation; since, fully allowing for their merit as modern productions, there are few impartial friends to the arts, who do not foresee the period when these works will be degraded from the exalted station to which friendship for the man who executed them, and contemporary enthusiasm, have elevated them. So will it be with the performances of West and Wilkie, now in the upper rooms of the National Gallery. The time will assuredly come when, at least, they will be removed from the company with which they are at present associated. It would not surprise us, if those of West should be discarded altogether from the National collection. The disgrace which awaits those of Wilkie will no doubt be less, and will be occasioned less by their want of sufficient merit to entitle them to such high places, than by the disadvantageous nature of the comparison to which, in their present situation, they are subject. Wilkie's productions, we doubt not, will live in the estimation of men; they will survive and be considered treasures, long after the huge performances of West shall have been forgotten; but in order to secure from undue neglect those which now adorn the National Gallery, the admirers of this artist should exert themselves to get them removed in time from their close vicinity with works, by the side of which, if they could compete with them on the score of senti-

ment (which they cannot do), they cut, in other respects, much such a figure as would a dingy pig of lead by the side of a bar of glittering gold.

Talk of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the same breath! Let us ask ourselves the following question:—Fifty years hence will there be a picture of the last President capable of standing the test of juxtaposition with Rubens,—borne, triumphantly borne, we may say, by the head, painted by the first President, and called in the Catalogue of the National Gallery, "Study from Nature"?

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

WELL, is the exhibition a good one? is a question we have heard at least fifty times during the week; and the answer, among sensible people, has uniformly been, Why, there is, certainly, no dearth of spirited, clever productions; skill in handling the brush, and knowledge of pictorial effect, seem to be on the increase; but then the ambition to aim at the attainment of the loftier qualities of the art appears in the same ratio on the decline. Of the application, indeed, to works of the pallet of the superior mental faculties, there is hardly a single example in the Gallery, and there is a more than usual scarcity of pictures displaying invention, imagination, and exalted sentiment; a marked absence, in short, of all that bespeaks the exercise of the higher endowments of the mind. Even those artists, such as Mr. Danby, from whom we have been accustomed to look for works of a poetical character, have not contributed a single painting. It is at least doubtful, therefore, whether the Exhibition, comparatively with former years, deserves to be pronounced a good one. Some few pieces there are, nevertheless, which the most fastidious collector might justly be glad to possess; and of these we proceed to notice the most conspicuous, running over the catalogue cursorily, stating the names of the artists whose productions we mention, as they occur first on the catalogue.

We cannot see much to admire in W. MORETON's "Italian Boys," No. 1. It is too evident an attempt to imitate the manner of Murillo, and is, moreover, feebly executed. It is totally wanting in the character and life that distinguish so eminently the beggar's children of the Spanish artist, and, consequently, suffers by the comparison which it invites.

"The Mother and Child," No. 5, and "In Search of Bait," No. 15, both by R. EDMONSTONE, are very pleasing pictures: the former breathes a delightful sentiment of repose; the latter is more animated, and full of nature.

"The Sisters of Scio," A. PHALIPFON, No. 13. We are disappointed in this picture; it does not realize the notion which the engraving had led us to form of it; it has more expression in the composition than in the countenance, which is flat and mawkish.

"The Guardian," G. S. NEWTON, No. 18, is one of the best productions of that artist's pencil we have ever seen: it is a masterpiece of execution. "The Girl of Normandy," and "The Duenna," Nos. 24 and 25, are not equal to the "Guardian." The younger figure of "The Duenna," is one of Mr. Newton's too frequent repetitions; it is not wanting in grace, but has a maudlin expression, which soon wears on repetition.

If the Members of the Royal Academy wanted a justification for their election of Mr. Shee, to the office of President of their Society, they would not point, we think, to "A Study," No. 32.

"The Stone-breaker," EDWIN LANDSEER, No. 53, and "Highland Music," by the same artist, No. 60, are not surpassed by any picture in the collection. The latter is more especially delightful, so true to nature, and full of expres-

sion: the pearl in the poor old terrier's eye, is a real jewel after all; whatever the "Times" may say to the contrary—a cockney must have written the article in which it is objected to: and then for the pain which the yelling dog suffers! that pain of ecstasy which is known, if of long continuance, to produce death! the very sight of the animal almost makes one stop one's ears. The "Stone-breaker" is especially remarkable for its sparkling colour.

We have not overlooked Mr. ETTY's excellent specimen of colouring in his "Venus and Cupid," but must leave something to praise in our future notices. We cannot conclude this, however, without a hint *en passant* that Mr. RIPPINGILL's "Pilgrims approaching the Shrine," displays more mind than any picture in the Exhibition. We shall speak of it more in detail hereafter.

JUNIOR ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE.

THE Junior Artists' Conversazione, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, proved a very brilliant evening, and fairly eclipsed the more aristocratic meetings of the senior brother brushes.

Some of the Royal Academicians were visitors, and we understand that the late President had signified his intention of being present on this occasion. Nothing can be more judicious than these assemblies of artists and amateurs. It is of incalculable advantage to painters, sculptors, and engravers, thus to leave the confined regions of their peculiar ateliers, to enjoy the society of followers of other branches of art, to hear and make free and well-intentioned criticisms, and to be introduced to patrons, who have the ability to appreciate duly the efforts of rising talent, and the means and the will to encourage them.

Both artists and amateurs were most liberal in their contributions towards the evening's entertainment, and the tables were covered with *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern art.

A portrait of the late Dr. Young, by Sir Thomas Lawrence was much admired, and there were exhibited some most exquisite sketches by poor Bonington—one little painting by him, with the date 1819, excited more than usual interest, on account of its differing so greatly, both in subject and execution, from his subsequent works.—A drawing by Cattermole, was much and deservedly approved, as a specimen of powerful colour.—Boxall introduced a charming little "Greek Girl," who was most graciously received. We were very much delighted also with a beautiful little picture by T. Wright, from Quentin Durward, painted as an illustration to the new edition of the Waverley Novels. A drawing of a marine subject, by Harding, was quite perfect in its kind; and De Wint, Cox, Boys, T. M. Wright, and others, displayed some sweet sketches. We cannot close our account of this meeting, without expressing our admiration of Mr. Freebairn's engraving of Chantrey's *Capo d'opera*, Cyril Jackson.

MUSIC.

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

THE second Concert of this society took place on Thursday; the performances were as follows:—Overture, Chorus "Quanto Lucenti," and romance "Ombra Oscura," Miss Grant, from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." The overture commenced with a violoncello solo, that was followed by a movement descriptive of a storm, and was extremely well worked up; to this succeeded a sweet Tyrolean movement, principally for flute and oboe, very well played by Messrs. Card and Barret; the conclusion was a military movement highly effective. The whole was well played, and pleased so much as to receive an encore. Madlle. Blasis sang "Salva al fin,"

(Pacini,) a song especially celebrated on account of her excellent style of singing it; we were sorry to perceive that this lady was suffering from severe cold, as was also Miss Grant. Phillips sang in his best style "The Last Man," composed by Calcott, and in the second part of the Concert, a German drinking song "Reicht mein Nectar," which we always hear with pleasure, as he sings it with great spirit; it was of course encored. Miss Grant sang the very beautiful air "Parto," (Mozart,) very well accompanied by Powell on the clarinetto. This young lady has very great talent; her voice is of a good quality, she sings well in time and with good taste; but we would advise her to study hard to gain a clear articulation of the words, which we could not distinguish in either of her performances: she may be assured it is not possible to excite fully the feelings of her auditory, if they cannot understand even the language of the poetry. This clearness of articulation is one point which we admire in Phillips, and which tends to render his ballads so highly effective. Madlle. Blais also has the same good quality, and it was no small part of our pleasure in hearing her last night, to know "what she was singing about." Curioni, who was in good voice, gave Pacini's air "Chi sa dir," from "La Schiava in Bagdad," with his usual excellence. In addition to the above, were given, in the course of the evening, a quintett by Hummel, in which Mr. Forbes exhibited great power on the pianoforte; he was ably assisted by Messrs. Mori, Watkins, Brooks, and Flower, on their respective instruments: the terzetto "Ah qual colpo," from "Il Barbiere," by Blais, Curioni, and Phillips; duett, Miss Grant and Phillips, "Oh my Father," from the first act of "Der Vampyr," which we think much more effective on the stage than in a concert-room: fantasia, flute, "Huntsman's Chorus," by Drouet, a most superior and brilliant performer on that instrument, over which he showed a complete mastery: duetto, Madlle. Blais and Curioni, "Presso un ruscello," Meyer; Haydn's military symphony; and Mozart's overture to "Figaro." The Concert, which was fully attended, finished about half-past eleven. We sincerely wish the society success.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lord Byron's "Farewell, if ever fondest Prayer," composed, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Strachan, by A. Schulz. Johanning and Whatmore.

A VERY expressive and highly appropriate larghetto, in *f* minor, modulating, in the usual manner, into the relative major A flat. But Mr. Schulz, in his modulation to c major (in the 7th bar on page 4), has fallen into the too common error of accompanying the extreme sharp sixth with the fifth to the bass note, thus forming consecutive fifths, D flat and A flat followed by c and G natural; and in the 4th bar on page 5, the 2d treble and bass are made to move consecutively from A to B improperly. However, upon the whole, the piece is written in good taste.

Air Italien, varié pour le Pianoforte, dédié à Miss Beckwith, par François Hünten. Op. 33. Cocks and Co.

THE two Hüntens, William and François, have issued a praiseworthy variety of clever and pleasing compositions (published by Cocks & Co.); and this now noticed is an excellent specimen of their talent, style, and knowledge. Execution and brilliancy seem to be the principal aim, and perhaps sentiment and expression are somewhat sacrificed to this end; but the introductory Adagio, the very pleasing Tema di Rossini, the five variations, and Bolero Vivace, as finale, present altogether, in this *Air Italien*, a very excellent publication for a good pianist.

Le Parterre élégant. March and Rondo for the Pianoforte, composed and dedicated to Miss Euphemia Beauclerk. By George F. Harria. Monro and May.

AN easy March of one page, and a Rondo of four others, which Rondo, by the bye, is spun out from only four strains of eight bars each! Thus some ingenuity is evinced in causing a pupil to appear to play a lengthened piece with little trouble and tuition,—a clever sort of "*parvum in multa*," instead of the usually attempted "*multum in parvo*," especially desirable to school-teachers.

The Vintager's Evening Hymn, for one, two, or three Voices, written by Charles Jefferys, composed by S. Nelson. Mayhew and Lee.

AN interesting and pleasing trifle, in which the idea of the tolling convent bell, and the distant organ, is appropriate with the following poetry:

Hark! hark! the pealing vesper bell
From toil unto devotion calls;
Of hope and joy it seems to tell,
As sweetly on the ear it falls:
Gloria tibi, Domine.

'Tis sweet to rest from toil awhile,
And, when the shades of night are come,
To meet the cheering welcome smile
That waits us at our peaceful home.
Gloria tibi, Domine.

An unusually pretty sketch in lithography, of Gauci's, representing the Vintagers, Convent, &c. adorns the title, and the *tout ensemble* forms a desirable publication.

"Ah! why deprive us of so dear a Joy?" Written by Miss Letitia Stone, in answer to the Hon. Mrs. Norton's Song, "Love Not;" the Music composed and dedicated to his Pupils at Miss Griffin's School, by James King. Cramer and Co.

WHEN reviewing Mr. Blockley's Song, "Love Not," (in No. 116 of *The Athenæum*, p. 30,) we rather expected some one would reply to Mrs. Norton's unusual advice. Miss Stone and Mr. King have done so in a very sensible and tasteful manner; but perhaps it was not altogether a subject for dedication to the young ladies at Miss Griffin's! All must coincide with Miss Stone, that "man was not made to live and die alone," "nor woman either," as Hamlet says; nor would we "refuse the rose 't' avoid the thorn." Mr. King's music exhibits good taste, judgment, and feeling, besides a grammatical and matured knowledge of his art.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Tuesday night was produced a new musical romance, under the title of "Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy," and by a combination of some effective music, with scenery and situations of melo-dramatic interest, succeeded in obtaining much applause, despite the conviction with which the whole audience must have been impressed, that there was nothing new in plot or contrivance, nor anything very masterly in the re-union of old materials. *Robert the devil*, so called for his gallantry or profligacy (and hence we find that the words were synonymous long before our own day), has obtained by some secret league with the Imp of Darkness a magical ring, which can secure the conquest of any and every fair one on whose finger it is placed. By its instrumentality, he has already triumphed over the virtue of *Matilda*, the elder daughter of the Countess of Rosambert, and at the commencement of the drama, is employed in seducing her sister *Blanche*, but is baffled by the sudden appearance of his former victim, and by an attack on his castle, which at the end of the first act falls to the ground, and buries *Matilda* in its ruins. In the second act, under the disguise of a troubadour, and accompanied by his

trusty man and fiddle-tuner *Piccola*, he besieges the heart of *Lodine*, a simple rustic, and is about to gain his wonted victory, when a marble statue of *Matilda* becomes vivified, and, by a sudden movement on its pedestal, strikes terror into the breasts of all present—half convicts the master—stupefies the man—throws the servants on their haunches, and prompts the drop-curtain to fall. Notwithstanding this event, the drop-curtain recovers itself and rises; *Lodine* is still to be the Devil's bride, and a nuptial ceremony of great magnificence celebrates the festival. The bridegroom elect (overtaken, we suppose, by liquor) slumbers on a couch,—the dancers disappear, and *Lodine*, left "to tread alone that banquet hall deserted," is encountered by the phantasma of *Matilda* in its marble dress, and warned of the villany of *Robert*, who starts up, rubs the rouge from his face, looks hideous, and falls dead at the spectre's feet; and both descend together in an atmosphere of pale blue to *Robert's* especial friend and namesake. At the same instant, the back-wall of the castle is thrown down by a party of besiegers, and the flames of war shed on the distance a bright red tinge, which envelopes that part of the stage, and contrasts strikingly with the demoniacal colour of the foreground. This final scene is as well executed as anything of the sort we remember,—and were it not for its sympathy with our old friend "Don Juan," we should give it unqualified praise. However, lack of invention is not new, nor very reprehensible in these times, or we should have to criticise a great deal more than need now arrest our attention. The music is only occasional, and committed to Miss Hughes and Miss Cawse alone, with the exception of a chorus or two, which in their way were effective. Mr. Duruset had the part of a bonâ fide walking gentleman in armour, for he did nothing but walk, and attempt to give military orders, for which service his treble pipes unfitted him. The female parts were ably sustained, and Miss Cawse, as usual, was too wise to sacrifice effect to nature, and therefore "walked in silk attire" in her character of villager, and long before the duties on that manufacture were removed. Mr. Keeley looked unhappy in his part of *Piccola*, and quoted Gray; and Mr. G. Bennett went through his emotions with general applause. Barnett supplied the music, which has his characteristics strongly marked, and Mr. Raymond, we believe, contributed the language.

On Thursday night an adaptation of Rossini's "Gazza Ladra," under the title of "Ninetta," or the "Maid of Palaiseau," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre:—a piece, says the bill, new to the English stage; and it might have added, the sole attraction of which lies in the music, which is not by any means new to the British public. It is a fearful thing to venture on mimicking the thunders of the Italian Opera, and success can rarely attend the unhallowed attempt.

The story on which the drama is founded, falls below the common usage of scenic frivolities. A girl condemned to die on the suspicion of having stolen a spoon, and a magpie enacting the important part of the *Deus Vindex*, who solves all the mysteries, and regulates the catastrophe of the piece, on the main absurdities from which all the interest is suspended. Poetry and music indeed, can raise a subject, or to speak more correctly, they can give such an impetus to the animal spirits, as suffices to overthrow the authority of sober reason, and escape from the inquiries of critical judgment. No subject is too trivial for Italian versification; rhymes, in that language, do not necessarily make what is mean in itself, still further ridiculous; and the light bounding animation of Rossini's genius is particularly capable of lending all the adornments of musical art to scenes possessing in themselves only a very superficial

interest. But, on the English stage, what is there to cover the nakedness of intrinsic absurdity? Poetry and recitation are exempt from obedience to the rules of vulgar probability, but the exterior of English prose has so little to charm the sense, that we are compelled of necessity to examine the hidden qualities of the fabric; and if tricked out with patches of recitative, it cuts as odd a figure as a bishop in his pontificals singing a bravura, or a quaker dancing a gallopade. Our playwrights, however, who look for nothing more than momentary attraction, never scruple to clothe the dramatic muse in a motley garb of buckram and bombast. All the sins of the botching system are conspicuous in the new piece. Thus *Mercur* (Bartley) says to *De la Roche* (G. Penson), "Sir, you seem to have a way of brow-beating which is as unnecessary to the ends of justice as it is repugnant to the feelings of an honest man." At this robust piece of plain prose, emphatically delivered, the gods applaud; the insulted justice swells into poetic rage; he feels the musical *estrus*, and, unable to contain his inspiration, breaks forth into the following ludicrous chant:

"From Mercur's house now write,
In Palæstina this night
A silver spoon was stolen."

—so negligently has the dramatic artist contrived those transitions, which consummate skill alone could render tolerable. The audience good-naturedly laughed at these novel illustrations of the bathos; but it is no commendation to laugh at what is not intended to be comic.

Mr. Wood, as *Adolphe*, attempted to give new graces to Rossini; and so rude was his attempt that even the gods, albeit no lovers of chastity, evinced no little indignation at his audacity. A wish to cut capers on the music of a composer who stands so little in need of embellishment, and who is characterized even by a faulty redundancy, can have but one excuse, viz. that the singer who makes the attempt is unable to execute correctly "what is set down for him;" and, indeed, it is impossible to conceive a wider interval in styles than that which separates the lively elegance and brilliant volubility of Rossini, from the stupid vulgarity of Mr. Wood. Mr. Morley, an indifferent *contrabasso*, made his first appearance at Covent Garden as *Delande*; like Mr. Wood, he sang during the whole evening nearly a semitone below concert pitch, and seemed insensible to the discord he created. Mr. Morley may become a useful singer: but until he improves the quality of his voice, we recommend him to lay aside the ambition of increasing its compass; weak as it proves now, he may easily become a *troppo basso*. What madness in a man, who really has a dozen tolerable notes, to imitate the rumbling of an empty punchon, or to strain his own mouth and the patience of the auditory, in order that he may be delivered of two or three notes, which are really anything but music.

This piece was got up no doubt for the purpose of turning Miss Paton's splendid talents to account, and her abilities will for a time cover all its defects. She was received with enthusiasm by a tolerably full house; and whatever fell to her share was infinitely performed. In *Di Piacere mi batte il cor*, the most brilliant air in the whole opera, she displayed all her powers, nor was her acting throughout inferior to her vocal excellence, she sang like a Siren even while crucified between Wood and Morley. The chorists were well trained; but what training can compensate the want of tone? Mr. G. Penson as *De la Roche*, displayed every requisite for the character except a voice.—We have heard *De Begnis* in the same part!

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

On Thursday, an adaptation of Auber's Opera "*La Fiancée*," was produced here, under the title of "*The National Guard; or, Bride or no Bride*." As the drama, in point of plot, is nearly similar to that playing at Covent Garden, entitled "*The Corporal's Wedding*," we shall not repeat the story here. It will be sufficient, if we say, that the adapter, Mr. Planché, has displayed his usual dramatic skill, and employed much neatness and point in many parts of the dialogue. The music is very similar in style to the same composer's celebrated "*Masaniello*;" every air is graceful and pleasing, and the accompaniments throughout are splendid and harmonious. The overture is both clever and original, and with the exception of one song, sung by Vestris, (which has lively words to a slow movement,) the words are throughout characteristic of the melodies to which they are united. There were about three *encores* in the course of the performance, which was given out for repetition by Mr. Cooper, with very general approbation.

On Wednesday, in consequence of the arrival of a medical certificate, stating that Mr. Kean was confined to his room by the gout, Mr. Wallack undertook the part of *Othello*.

FRENCH PLAYS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

We should find it difficult to name an actor of low comedy, whose performance satisfies so completely our idea of the fitting degree of theatrical exaggeration, as does Potier's. Exaggeration, after all, there must be, be the question of comedy, farce, or tragedy—aye, tragedy, notwithstanding all that the admirers of Mr. Macready's natural talk with Virginia may say to the contrary; the nature of life is one thing, and the nature of the stage another. M. Potier then seems to us to hit more happily than Liston or Reeve, or Munden, or even Farren (when he condescends to farce; and that, by the way he it spoken, is somewhat too often for his fame), the happy medium necessary to be preserved on the boards of a theatre between the bare common realities of life on the one hand, and mere caricature on the other. All that he does, however broad and striking, has a propriety, an aptitude which bespeaks an actor of equal judgment and power—a master consummate in his art. His acting, moreover, is extremely rich and highly original, and so easy withal, that the strokes by which he effects most are so little forced, and appear so entirely the suggestion of the moment, that his spectator finds it difficult to persuade himself that they are premeditated, or have ever been practised before. Liston and Reeve are the same in almost every character they personate; but Potier, although he exhibits equal talent in the *Garçon de Ferme* of "*Le Conscriit*," and in *Monsieur Lessoufflé* of the "*Bénéficiaire*," is a perfectly distinct person in the respective characters. Those were the two pieces in which he performed on Monday night, to the perfect gratification of the respectable house whom his reputation had assembled. The "*Bénéficiaire*" indeed was one of the most agreeable theatrical treats we have enjoyed for many a day, and cannot fail, if repeated, to become extremely popular with the frequenters of the French theatre. It has this recommendation above all others, that it is admirably suited to the powers of the company now assembled in London. The piece, if we mistake not, or at least the outline of it, is taken from an Italian comedy. The principal incident is the difficulty which the *Bénéficiaire* finds in keeping to their engagements the friends who had promised him their assistance. On the very morning of the day for which his benefit is announced, he is dismayed by the arrival in quick succession of excuses from his principal tyrant, his *primo*

tenore, and his best dancer. The arts and management to which he is obliged to resort to get over these capricious people by flattering their self-conceit, piquing their vanity, and playing off their jealousy, the one against the other, afford the chief opportunity for display of the powers of the principal actor, and the most lively incidents for the amusement of the audience.

Feigning to give full credit to the complaints of the tragic actor (M. Pelissié), and to sympathize in his sufferings, he cures his megrims by provoking him to show his skill at declamation: his tenor he relieves of his terrible cold and hoarseness, by regretting that he should be obliged to allow a dreaded rival of that same tenor to sing the air destined for him; and he entitles himself to the gratitude of Mademoiselle, the opera-dancer, by a really essential service. His visit to that lady happened to be somewhat inopportune; since it interrupted an interview with a milord, M. Golden (Laporte), who, in his turn, had obliged a French dandy, M. Desrosiers, to conceal himself. Thus, the Englishman is in one closet, and the French pretender to the favours of the elegant Zepherine in the other, while M. Lessoufflé exerts his eloquence to work on her charity. The unlucky *Bénéficiaire*, in the course of his ardent entreaties, without dreaming of malice or mischief, makes the signal concerted between Zepherine and M. Golden for the liberation of the latter from his confinement. The lover accordingly issues from the closet, and finds poor M. Lessoufflé on his knees to his opera-dancer—a scene *ensues*, and in the midst of it, aroused by the tumult, comes forth M. Desrosiers from the other closet. Here it is that the ready wit of the prompter most happily comes in aid both of Mademoiselle and himself. He persuades the Englishman that his supposed rival is no suitor, but the manager of a French theatre—to the latter he represents that milord is the director of the London Italian Opera, come to Paris to recruit for his *corps de ballet*. Mademoiselle is thus brought out of her dilemma, and, all gratitude, promises her invaluable aid. The hour of performance arrives—the *Bénéficiaire* takes his place in the prompter's hole, but no actors appear; and hence arises the most ludicrous part of the whole plot, namely, the last scene, in which M. Lessoufflé, with his head peeping from the prompter's box, addresses his audience, and apologizes for the disappointment. On dismissing them, he very generously and considerably urges them, on retiring, to look in the faces of the money-takers, that they may be known again on a future occasion, and be allowed the privilege of free admission. Potier sustained his part admirably, playing throughout with great wit and infinite humour. He was well supported by Laporte, who, in personifying the Englishman, caricatured our faults of pronunciation and carriage with very happy effect. Everybody applied the satire to his neighbour rather than to himself, and consequently preserved his temper and breeding to perfection. The piece, indeed, was altogether highly amusing, and calculated to keep the most morose in good-humour. The only cause of dissatisfaction which occurred during the evening, and this was a very just and weighty one, was the intolerable length of time allowed to elapse between the performances.

ADELPHI.

On Thursday a new Interlude in one act (taken from the French) disguised by the name of "*The Bricklayer's Arms*," was produced at this Theatre. The plot?—*le voici*: a bricklayer [tyler?] having made free with a suit of clothes belonging to a lodger in a house which he is repairing, has no sooner invested himself in the borrowed suit, than he is surprised and borne off by an attorney's clerk in mistake for the said lodger, who is a long-looked-for heir to the Ormond family. Greatness is now thrust upon him:—he is welcomed not only as the pos-

essor of a large property and the nephew of a nobleman, but also as the intended husband of a rich, lovely, and titled heiress. Several ludicrous scenes occur, until at length he is instrumental to the discovery of the real heir, by saving him from a fire at the very house where the mystification originated. The performers were so woefully deficient in their parts, that we cannot speak of the dialogue, except to notice, that it contains many indecorous allusions: this is a growing evil, and should be rooted (or hoisted) out. Wilkinson, as the Bricklayer, and Benson Hill as his Irish assistant, were amusing. A Miss Pearson sang "She never blamed him, never," and a ballad composed by Mr. D. Lee, with taste and sweetness. She possesses a good voice—but is no actress.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The old comedy of "The Double Gallant" is about to be revived at one of the large houses.—The Interlude announced under the title of "Teddy the Tiler" is said to be from the pen of Lord Glengall. Power sustains the principal character.—Lord Byron's tragedy of "Werner" has been adapted to the stage by Mr. Macready, and performed at the Bristol Theatre; the curtailments have been judiciously made, and the acting of the adapter in the hero, is described by the Bristol critics, as replete with varied talent, and producing at times the most overpowering effects. On the falling of the curtain on the first representation, the applause was vehement, and Mr. Macready was loudly called for.—Mathews is enlivening the Modern Athens with the exhibition of his versatile talents, which they appear to appreciate justly: he has indeed adopted such a way of showing off his capabilities as cannot fail to attract, for he commences the entertainments by one of his popular "At Home's," and afterwards enacts a part in some of the dramas which he has rendered so popular.—The English purchasers of Maracchi's Opera of "The Knight Templar and the Jewess" have offered it for representation at Drury Lane; and if Mr. Braham joins that company, it is probable that the public will have a fair opportunity of judging of its merits.—Ducrow has engaged the Royal Elephant to perform at the Liverpool Amphitheatre immediately after the conclusion of her engagement at the Adelphi. He purposes producing "The Fire Fiend" and introducing therein his Equestrian corps.—Braham has been delighting the good people of Glasgow; he took his benefit last week from one of the gentlest audiences ever witnessed there, singing one of his favourite songs three times on that night.

SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The New President.—It is not generally known, that Mr. Shee was mentioned for President of the Royal Academy at the same time with Sir Thomas Lawrence, and was actually returned with him in the first ballot, so that his election on the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Thomas, not only did not surprise, but was considered certain by those who were aware of that fact.

Singular effect of Tetanus.—When the muscles of the face are affected with tetanic spasms, (observed Mr. Lawrence, in a recent surgical lecture) the features are drawn, independently of the will of the patient, into peculiar forms, and very frequently a kind of grin is produced by their action, which has been called by the old writers *risus sardoniacus*. It is a kind of movement of the features into the position they assume in grinning or laughing; but it is merely consequent on the spasmodic affections of the muscles of the face, so that there is the appearance of laughter, independently of the state of mind that should accompany it.

Nervous Affections.—The late Dr. Wollaston.—An impression made on one part of the body will often produce a nervous affection elsewhere, at a distance from the original seat of the disease, and where no such obvious explanation

of the fact presents itself. A disease in the liver produces a pain in the right shoulder; a disease in the heart produces a pain in the back. The late Dr. Wollaston was accustomed to relate the following:—He ate some ice-cream after dinner, which his stomach seemed to be incapable of digesting. Some time afterwards, when he had left the dinner-table to go to the drawing-room, he found himself lame from a violent pain in one ankle. Suddenly he became sick; the ice-cream was rejected from the stomach; and this was followed by an instantaneous relief of the pain in the foot.—From a lecture by Mr. Brodie.

Extraordinary power of Whistling.—Mr. Dovaston, the friend of the celebrated artist and engraver on wood, Thomas Bewick, in a biographical article published in the Magazine of Natural History, gives the following account of his extraordinary faculty for whistling:—"As he sat at work, I enjoyed his more deliberate and sound conversation, accompanied by strains of his most extraordinary powers of whistling. His ear (as a musical feeling is called) was so delicately acute, and his inflexional powers so nice and rapid, that he could run, in any direction or modulation, the diatonic or chromatic scale, and even split the quarter notes of the enharmonic; neither of which, however, did he understand scientifically, though so consummately elegant his execution: and his musical memory was so tenacious, that he could whistle through the melodies of whole overtures; and these, he said, he could obtain, having once heard from the orchestra of a playhouse, or a holiday band, in both of which he took extreme delight. In proof of this I tried him to some extent, by flinging on his piano-forte several wild airs I had taken down from pipers in the Hebrides and Highlands, of difficult and intricate evolution, which he completely repeated the first time. Lest he might have heard these before, I farther sprinkled at him (without information of their originality,) several private imitations, I had myself composed, of various national melodies, which he not only instantly and spiritedly whistled, but remembered long after; as I found when sauntering with him amid the mountains of Derbyshire."

Effect of Emancipation from Civil Disabilities on the Jews of Holland.—Between the years 1780 and 1806, the population of Amsterdam was composed of nine-tenths Christians and one-tenth Jews. The latter were then excluded from every liberal profession, and every office of trust, or place of honour. The Jewish criminals amounted to one-ninth of the whole number.—In 1806, the Jews obtained partial relief, and the proportion of the population remaining the same, their criminals from that year to 1811 formed one-thirteenth of the whole. In 1811 they were completely emancipated; and in the five following years, the criminals of that denomination amounted to one-twentieth part only of all the convicted.—*Civil Disabilities of British Jews.*

Usus est Jus.—Perhaps this axiom is not more strongly exemplified, than in a custom among shippers. Formerly the master of a ship, on arrival in port was rewarded for his care, by a gratuity from the owner of the cargo, called *halmoney*: this was in amount necessarily uncertain—but from long usage it has acquired not only a fixed amount, but a less humiliating appellation, being what is now understood by the term *primage*, and is recoverable by action at law.

Tame Wolf in the Jardin du Roi.—In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there is now a wolf, whose hair is perfectly black, and shines like floss silk. "He was brought," says Mrs. Lee, in an article in the Magazine of Natural History, "when very young (I could almost have said a puppy), and presented to Baron

Cuvier's daughter-in-law, who, finding him so tame, desired he might have a dog for a companion, and be fed entirely on broth and cooked meat. Her orders have been obeyed, and the animal retains all his gentleness and docility; he never sees her but he stretches his paws through the bars to be shaken, and when she lets him loose he lies down before her, Hicks her feet, and shows every mark of joy and affection."

The French Giraffe.—The same lady, in noticing several of the most remarkable contents of the same collection, speaks more particularly of the giraffe, which is now the only survivor of the three which left Africa much about the same time. She inhabits (says Mrs. Lee) the large round building in the centre of the menagerie, called the Rotonde. Great care is taken to shelter her from the cold, and in the winter she has a kind of hood and cape, which reach the length of her neck, and a body cloth, all made of woollen materials. She is only suffered to walk in her little park when the sun shines upon it; and if care and attention can compensate for the loss of liberty, she ought to be the happiest of her kind. She is extremely gentle, yet full of frolic and animation, and when walking in the menagerie, her keeper is obliged to hold her head to prevent her biting off the young branches of the trees. Her great delight, however, is to eat rose-leaves, and she devours them with the greatest avidity. The African cows, with humps on their shoulders, who supplied her with milk during her passage to Europe, are as gentle as their nursing, and when feeding her they come and softly push the keeper's elbows to have their share.

Her keeper, named Ati, and from Darfur, is a tall well-proportioned black, and at his own request a little gallery has been erected for him in the stable of his charge, where he sleeps and keeps all his property. When in attendance he dresses in the turban, vest, and full trowsers of his country, but when he walks into Paris, he assumes the European costume, for in his native garb all the children in the streets recognize him, and calling out, "Ati! Ati! comment va la giraffe?" hurt his consequence. He is to be found every Sunday evening at one of the Guinguettes in the neighbourhood, dancing with all his might, and during the week he devotes his leisure to the acquirement of reading and writing.

Frozen Wine and Ale.—In the year 1109, the frost was so intense in Scotland, that frozen ale was sold by weight. The same happened also in the time of James I., when both wine and ale were sold by weight in a congealed state.

Fowls with Human Faces.—M. Jules Guérin, in presenting to the Academy of Sciences of Paris the first number of his Medical Gazette, called the attention of the Society to the account of a hen now living in Russia, and having a profile resembling that of a human being. On this, M. Cuvier observed, that there was a portrait of a similar animal in the Jardin du Roi: and M. Geoffroy Sainte-Hilaire said he was very well acquainted with the monstrosity in question. The examples of it were numerous; the peculiarity, he remarked, was occasioned by the want of the beak.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Waverley Novels, Vol. IX. containing Black Dwarf, and Old Mortality, 12mo. 5s.—Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. IV. 4s. 6d.—Sydenham, or the Man of the World, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—England on the Kidneys, bound, 5s. 6d.—Marshall on Vaccination, 4s. 6d.—Aristophanes, 8vo. bds. 10s. 6d.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part II. 10s. 6d.—Baillie's Lectures on Military Surgery, 8vo. 9s.—Crabbe's Dictionary of General Knowledge, 12mo. 9s.—Gorton's Biographical Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.—Tyder's History of Scotland, Vol. III. 8vo. bds. 9s. 6d.—Vegetable Cookery, 12mo. bds. 5s.

FRENCH PLAYS.

Theatre Royal, English Opera House.

M. POTIER will perform every Monday and Friday until Lent.

Monday, February 8, will be presented,

LES MEMOIRES D'UN COLONEL DE HUSSARDS.

After which,

LE CIDEVANT JEUNE HOMME,

in which M. POTIER will perform his celebrated Part.

La Branche, M. LAPOINTE.

To conclude with

LES INCONVENIENS DE LA DILIGENCE.

M. BOURGEOIS, M. POTIER.

GOVERNMENT, COMMERCE, AND CONDITION OF INDIA.

reference to the approaching Discussions in Parliament, on the great Public Question of Renewing the Present

CHARTER OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Mr. Buckingham will deliver a short Course of Lectures, exhibiting the Proofs of the extensive Evils inflicted by the

EXISTING INDIA AND CHINA MONOPOLY

on all classes of People in this Country, as well as on the Political, Mercantile, and Maritime Interests of the Nation.

TIMES AND PLACES OF DELIVERY.

Monday...Evenings...City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-st. at 7
 Tuesday...Evenings...Mechanics' Institution, Chancery-lane at 8
 Wednesday Mornings...City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-st. at 11
 Thursday Mornings...Old London Tavern, Bishopsgate-st. at 11
 Friday...Evenings...Crown and Anchor, Strand at 8
 Saturday Mornings...Almack's Rooms, St. James's-square at 11

PRICES OF TICKETS.

Single Tickets to admit a Gentleman only..... 3 6
 Double Tickets to admit a Lady and Gentleman..... 4 0
 Triple Tickets to admit two Ladies and a Gentleman..... 5 0
 Pamphlet containing a Synopsis of the Lectures..... 1 0

To be had at all the Places named above.

These Lectures will be delivered in such a manner as to make each complete in itself, and to render the subjects of them sufficiently varied and general, to be as interesting to ladies and young persons as to gentlemen. One Lecture will be delivered each day, in order of the preceding list; and, as the time and place are purposely varied to suit the convenience of different parties, and all quarters of the Metropolis, they will be thus brought within the reach of all classes.

THE FIRST LECTURE will be given at each of the places named, in the week commencing on Monday, the 15th of February; and the remainder, once in each week, at the same place, till the Course is completed.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE ORIENTAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, containing a mass of important information on the Affairs of India, is now published by Hurst and Co., and may be had of all Booksellers.

DR. JAMES'S

FEVER POWDER AND ANAESTHETIC PILLS.

THE FEVER POWDER is universally approved by the Profession and the Public; and is administered with equal success in Fever, Inflammatory Diarrhoea, Menstrual, Pleurisy, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, &c. When given in Cold, Catarrhs, &c., it is generally found to check their progress, or shorten their duration. In Patches 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

THE ANAESTHETIC PILLS, from their influence in exciting the natural secretions, are an excellent Alternative Remedy in CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, HABITUAL FERTILITY and GOUTY AFFECTIONS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUS, and other COMPLAINTS OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS. In Boxes at 4s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

Mr. JAMES thinks it necessary to inform the Public, that Messrs. Newbery, the late Agents of his Grandfather, his Father, and himself, are now vending articles of their own Composition, under the name of Dr. James; and that he has appointed in their stead, as Sole Agents, Messrs. BUTLER, Chemists, Chancery-lane, St. Paul's, London; Saville-street, Dublin; Prince-street, Edinburgh. They may also be had retail of Savory & Co. 136, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street; and the principal Druggists.

Observe the Signature of R. G. G. James, on the Label.

Family Crests, &c.

Just published, by Walthorne, Salisbury-square,

AN INTRODUCTION TO HERALDRY; containing the Origin and Use of Arms, Rules for Blazoning and Marshalling Coat-Armours, the English and Scottish Regalia, a Dictionary of Heraldry, Orders of Knighthood, and a Dictionary of Motives, &c.

By HUGH CLARK.

11th edition, improved, royal 16mo. Price 2s. coloured Plates; 3s. 6d. plain; and 12s. 6d. on paper prepared for colouring.

The Heraldry of Crests; containing upwards of 2500 DIFFERENT Crests, illustrative of those borne by at least 30,000 Families, and accompanied by remarkable historical and explanatory, Indexes of Names, &c. Price 10s.; or 12s. with the Plates on paper prepared for colouring.

"We claim these books together, because they present united a body of popular information on the subject of heraldry. The first has been long before the public, and the latest test of its merit is, that the volume has reached its eleventh edition. The second puts forth pretensions of an humbler, but not less useful or interesting, kind. It may be esteemed as a complete manual of domestic heraldry. The majority of English families, including even the countless tribes of the Johnsons, Thompsons, and Smiths, will find their chivalric emblems, and armorial distinctions, accurately engraved in the volume."—*Atlas*.

In a few days, 3 vols. 8vo.

TRAVELS IN THE MOREA.

By WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE, F.R.S.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Nearly ready, fols. 8vo.

CONSOLATIONS IN TRAVEL; or, The LAST DAYS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, Bart.

Late President of the Royal Society.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

Days of Fly-Fishing, a new edition, with Plates and Wood-cuts, 12s.

This day is published, price 7s. 6d.

ASTRONOMIA; a New Game, combining Amusement with Instruction.

F. C. Moon, 20, Threadneedle-street.

Price 3s.

FREEMASONRY.—A Short View of the HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY. Dedicated to the Grand Lodge of England.

By WILLIAM SANDYS, Esq. F.A.S. P.M. Grand Master's Lodge.

London: Crew and Spencer, 27, Lamb's Conduit-street; and Simpkin and Marshall.

This day is published, price 12s. the 2d edition of

A PRACTICAL ESSAY upon CONTRACTION OF THE LOWER BOWEL, illustrating by Cases the Connection of that Disease with Irritation of the Lungs, Protrusion of the Womb, and of the Bladder, Protrusion of the Rectum, Fistula, &c. To which is now added, Observations on Piles and the Hemorrhoidal Excrescence.

By FREDK. SALMON, F.C.S.

Senior Surgeon to the General Dispensary.

Published by Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot, 13, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's.

In 1820, the 2d edition, corrected and considerably enlarged, price 2s. boards.

A GREEK AND ENGLISH MANUAL LEXICON to the NEW TESTAMENT, with Examples of the Irregular Inflections, &c.

By J. H. BASS.

London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock.

In presenting a new edition of this little Manual to the public, the Author has been induced to submit the whole to a strict revision, to correct many errors, and to amplify and extend the definitions of all important words. The quantity of new matter, indeed, which has been thus incorporated, may almost entitle the present edition to be regarded as a new work.

Just published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. price 7s.

FITZ OF FITZ-FORD; a Legend of Devon.

By Mrs. BRAY.

Author of 'De Foix,' 'The White Hounds,' 'The Protestant,' &c. &c.

"Is the tale true?"

Aye marry, 'tis a tale

Of old tradition, full of wonderment

And such sweet sorrows, as make crystal beads

Hang from young maidens' eyelids, and the aged

Shake their gray locks, and, deeply sighing, tell us

Such is the world!—*Manuscript Play.*

Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

TO ADVERTISERS.—FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The increasing circulation of this Journal rendering it a desirable medium for Advertising, the Proprietors will continue to give a Sheet, or more, in each Number, which will be open for the insertion of Advertisements of Books, and of all other descriptions, on the following moderate Terms:—

Not exceeding Eight Lines 20 0 Half a Page £ 5 0
 For every additional Line 0 1 0 Whole Page 2 0 0

Bills, Prospectuses, Catalogues, &c. will be inserted at the price of Two Guineas, if under a Sheet, and Three Guineas for a whole Sheet. Advertisements intended for insertion in No. X. to be sent to the Publishers, No. 20, Soho-square, before the 15th February. Bills will be received till the 16th.

SORE THROATS, HOARSENESS, &c.

ACIDULATED LOZENGES OF CAYENNE, for habitual Sore Throats, HoarseNESS, Relaxation of Uvula, and a refreshing stimulus during Fever. These Lozenges have received a patronage almost unprecedented in the above cases; they are also of great utility to persons in the habit of Public Speaking; and the highest testimony in the Medical World has been advanced in their favour, where the Voice has been influenced by a humid Atmosphere, and diminished in tone. On this consideration they are particularly useful to Travellers, who are unavoidably exposed to damp.

Sold in Boxes, at 2s. and 4s. 6d. by Messrs. BUTLER, Chemists, Chancery-lane, corner St. Paul's, London; Saville-street, Dublin; Prince-street, Edinburgh; Savory & Co. 136, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street; and the principal Druggists. Of whom may be had the ANTACID LOZENGES OF QUININE, recommended in Affections of the Stomach—such as Indigestion, Heartburn, Acidity, Flatulence, and general weakness of that Organ. They are found extremely serviceable in Gouty attacks, especially when the Stomach is more immediately engaged.

N.B. Ask for BUTLER'S CAYENNE OR QUININE LOZENGES.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC.—

"I should very much like to know," sung with unbounded applause by Miss Love; composed by Reeve, 2s.—"A little Bird whispered to me," Miss Corwen's favourite Ballad; composed by Lacy, 2s.—"In the Grove will you meet me to-night?" sung by Madame Vestris; composed by Middleton, 2s.—"Arise, thou bright and silent Moon!" sung by Miss Stephens; composed by Reeve, 2s.

Published by G. Walker and Son, Soho-square.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Contents:—"Our Confession of Faith," by the Author of 'Whitcomb—American Poetry—The Philosophy of Catholicism—The Deluge, a Paraphrase from the German of Gesner, by John A. Herand, Esq.—Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's Review of Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne'—The Standard-Bearer, a Ballad from the Spanish—Lines from the Arabic—Captain Basil Hall, on Mechanics' Institutes—Posthumous Remains—A Legend of Mac Alister More—The Fallen Chief, from the Arabic—On Poetical Genius—Architectural Design and Decoration—Horn Gallies No. 1, Elizabeth of England—The Hurons, a Canadian Tale, by the Author of 'Sir Andrew Wylie'—West Indian Sketches, No. 1, Adventure with a Pirate—Mr. Robert Montgomery's 'Asia'—Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns—Remarkable Vision of Charles XI. of Sweden—On Dramatic Taste.

Published by James Fraser, 215, Regent-street, London; and John Boyd, Edinburgh.

Life of Galileo.

Just published, Number 62, 63, and 67, of the Library of Useful Knowledge, comprising

THE LIFE OF GALILEO, with Illustrations of the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy.

Baldwin and Cradock, London.

By whom also are published, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,

Number I. II. and III. of a Series of Maps, Ancient and Modern, price 1s. each Number plain, and 2s. 6d. coloured. (In the combined characteristics of accuracy, beauty, and cheapness, no Atlas published in any country can be compared with this.)

Number I. II. and III. of the Farmer's Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge, commencing with the first, price 6d. each.

The Volumes COMPLETED of the Library of Useful Knowledge, are—History of Greece, in Nine Nos. at 6d. or price 5s. in boards; and the first Volume of Natural Philosophy, price 2s. boards, or 1s. Numbers, containing the Preliminary Treatise, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Heat, Optics, Polarization of Light, and a copious Index and Glossary.

German Language and Literature.

Just published, price 3s.

A COMPENDIOUS GERMAN GRAMMAR, with a DICTIONARY OF PREFIXES and AFFIXES, alphabetically arranged and explained according to the recent investigation of J. GRIMM, and other distinguished Grammarians.

By A. BERNAYS,

Professor of the German and French Languages and Literature.

Also by the same Author, price 5s. 6d.

German Poetical Anthology, or Select Pieces from the Principal German Poets; accompanied with Notes for the use of Students; and preceded by a Historical Sketch of German Poetry; a List of the most distinguished Poets; and short Notices of the Authors selected.

To be had of Mr. J. Souter, St. Paul's Church-yard; Messrs. Trevellick and Co. Soho-square; and all other Booksellers; also of the Author, 21, East-street, Lamb Conduit-street.

TOOTH-ACHE AND EAR-ACHE.

PERRY ESSENCE has received the sanction and support of the most distinguished personages in the Kingdom, together with the united testimony of the first Physicians in Europe, and numerous favourable comments in highly respected Medical Journals, where it has been declared to be "THE BEST THING EVER DISCOVERED FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE AND EAR-ACHE." It instantaneously relieves the most excruciating pain, preserves the Teeth sound and firm, prevents further decay, effectually cures the Scum in the Gums, loosens loose Teeth, and renders them firm and serviceable to the latest period, and effectually prevents the Tooth-ache.

Sold in Bottles, at 2s. 6d., by Messrs. BUTLER, Chemists, Chancery-lane, corner St. Paul's, London; Saville-street, Dublin; Prince-street, Edinburgh; Savory & Co. 136, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street; and the principal Druggists. Of whom may be had MORRIS'S BRUNSWICK CORN PLAISTER, an excellent Remedy for eradicating Corns, Bunions, &c.

N.B. Ask for PERRY'S ESSENCE for the Tooth-ache.

To the Trade.—The Bramahian Patent Lock.

S. MORDAN & Co. Patentes of the ever pointed Pencil, are now manufacturing the late J. Bramah's Lock with seven guards, as the four and five guards cannot be depended on, from the circumstance of such an alarming quantity of duplicate keys (almost to be found on every branch) now in use. It should be remembered that the most serious robberies are committed by persons gaining admittance by duplicate keys, and re-locking to lull all suspicion; robberies are thus almost daily occurring without detection. The Lock S. Mordan & Co. recommend, bids defiance to the thief or the curious. See them in use in the Manufactory.

No. 22, CASTLE STREET, FINNSBURY, LONDON.

P.S.—Should the Key be exposed, any attempt to take an impression to make a fac-simile would fail, an advantage over all other Keys. Architects, &c. are now enabled to introduce this Lock, as its price is only that of the best common Locks.

London: Printed by JAMES HOLMES, Athenæum Office, 4, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published by F. C. WESTLEY, 165, Strand:

Sold also by E. WILSON, Royal Exchange, and Messrs. SHARPLEY, 32, Old Bond Street (by each of whom the Trade are supplied); E. WILMER, Liverpool; J. SUTHERLAND, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers and News-men.—Price ad. unstamped; 1s. stamped; or in Monthly Parts (in a wrapper).